

YOUNG GRANDISON.

A SERIES OF
L E T T E R S
F R O M

YOUNG PERSONS

T O T H E I R
F R I E N D S.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DUTCH OF
MADAME DE CAMBON.

W I T H
ALTERATIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

V O L. I.

D U B L I N:

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A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THIS work is translated from a more voluminous one in Dutch, written by Madame de Cambon, professedly for the instruction of young people.

The author has judiciously interperfed little introductory hints relative to natural philosophy ; which, while they tend to awaken curiosity, lead to reflections calculated to expand the heart.

Indeed any instruction which has not evidently this tendency, will be found not only useless, but pernicious ; if it be allowed that a smattering knowledge can never compensate for narrowing the heart by introducing vanity. And as it is much easier to dissipate ignorance than root out that degree of selfishness, which an endeavour to supplant others generally inspires, emulation should very cautiously be excited. On this account, deviations from the original were unavoidable ; besides, the editor apprehended that affectation rather than virtue may be produced by endeavouring, through a mistaken zeal, to bring the mind forward prematurely, as in all probability it will seldom afterwards reach that degree of strength which it might have ac-

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

quired by gradual improvement. In short, the whole has been abridged, and *material* alterations made, to render it more extensively useful; some sentiments and incidents are thrown out, and others added, which were naturally suggested by the subjects: it would be needless to point out the alterations that have been made, they were, in the editor's opinion, necessary. Productions intended for the instruction of youth, without aiming at the graces of higher compositions, should be as free from errors as possible; but above all, no narrow prejudices should be retained to cramp the understanding, or make it submit to any other authority than that of reason.



YOUNG

YOUNG GRANDISON.

LETTER I.

WILLIAM D—— to his MOTHER.

YOU desired me to write to you, my dear mother. What a comfort it is to be able to converse with you in this way, now I am at such a distance, and cannot see you !

I did not find the journey fatiguing ; I was not sea-sick—but I was sorrowful—very sorrowful, I assure you. You will say that I am childish, when I tell you, that, during the voyage, as often as I thought of the last kiss you gave me, I could scarcely restrain my tears, or mention your name without sobbing. I hid myself in a corner of the cabin, that I might weep freely without being seen : I was not ashamed of it ; yet as the captain endeavoured to amuse me, I did not wish him to know that I was so very unhappy. Besides, my dear mother, my tears will not flow when any one looks at me ;—but I will have done. I know you love me, and I would not willingly grieve you. My heart is lighter.

What a great city this is ! and how full the streets are of people ! The large towns in Holland are nothing to it. Every thing pleases me ; but I find not here my dear mother : I cannot run hastily home to tell her all I have seen, and I do not half enjoy the fine sights.

You praised Lady Grandison ; indeed she is so good-natured every one must love her, as soon as they see her face. How she pressed me in her arms when I arrived—just as you do, when you are pleased with me. And Sir Charles Grandison, oh ! I cannot tell you what a worthy man he seems to be : he is so tender-hearted. My father was like him, I dare say ; yes, he certainly was, for you have often told me that he was a good man. Ah ! had I yet that father, how happy should I be : I would love and obey him, as young Charles obeys his father ; and I should not love you less. God, you have frequently said, is now in a peculiar manner my father. I pray every night to him, with more earnestness than ever, to bless my mother, my only parent, and to enable me to be a comfort to her. Now farewell, my dear mother, think often of me, and love your own

WILLIAM.



LETTER II.

Mrs. D—— to WILLIAM.

YOUR letter afforded me the most solid satisfaction, my dear son; while I felt for you, the sorrow you so well described, drew you still closer to my heart. Your warm manner of expressing your filial affection pleased me, as it convinced me, that you have a feeling heart. A son who could leave an indulgent mother, without experiencing similar emotions, will never love God, or do good to his fellow-creatures; he will live for himself alone, and gradually lose the dignity of his nature. But dry up your tears; immoderate sorrow is a sign of weakness, and will prevent your improvement, the principal end of life. We must arm ourselves with courage to ward off the casualties that in this uncertain state we are exposed to; the happiest situations are not exempt from them; heaven sends pain and sorrow to teach us virtue, and not merely to afflict us. When you lament that we are separated, think with what pleasure we shall meet again; and how eagerly my eyes will run over your whole person, and my ears be on the catch to weigh your words: that I may trace your improvement, and love you still more.— And this love would be a comfort to my age, I should not consider myself a widow.—Yes, your father was virtuous; resemble him; and console, in some degree, your mother, by cul-

tivating the virtues which just begin to dawn in your mind.

We shall write to each other often; to write is the same as to speak. You are now rewarded for the diligent attention you paid to my commands, though at first it was an irksome task to learn to write; but had you neglected it, we could not have conversed when a vast sea, or large tracts of land were between us—then, indeed, I should have been absent in the true sense of the word. Now I can participate in all your pleasures: be very particular in your account of them; and remember to write as you speak. A letter ought to be simple and natural; regulate your thoughts, and let your expressions appear easy and not studied. Above all, strictly adhere to truth; you violate it, when you use unmeaning compliments, or permit affectionate words to drop from your pen, which are fabricated by the head for selfish purposes, and do not flow from a good heart. Take care always of your spelling: it is a shameful thing for any one to be ignorant of his native language.

Present my best respects to Lady Grandison.

LETTER III.

WILLIAM to his MOTHER.

A THOUSAND thanks do I wish to send you, my dear mother, for your letter; I feel myself

of some consequence now you correspond with me. Was I wrong, when I was proud of your praises? I wished Lady Grandison to know that I had been an obedient son, and I gave her your letter to read. What an excellent mother you have, William, said she! you must obey all her commands, and console her by acquiring virtue. You must try to amuse her by communicating your sentiments; and do not forget to tell her of all your amusements, your business, and even the conversations which you listen to in this family: and this attention will in some degree make her happy. But, Madam, said I, my mother has often forbid me to mention any conversations I heard, when I went with her to pay a visit. William, she replied, you must learn to make distinctions; conversations are not to be repeated; but you may confide every observation you make in the bosom of a friend, except indeed the secrets you have promised to keep, they are sacred. A young person ought never to promise to keep any secrets from an indulgent parent, till their reason enables them to govern themselves, and they are no longer children.

Oh! how glad I was, for you know, dear mother, that I am now fond of writing. How much I shall have to tell you of young Charles; yes, it is of him, that I mean to speak the most. You cannot think how much sense he has, and how good he is; indeed I do love him. We are almost always together, for his cousin Edward,

though he is two years older, has not half his sense and goodness. But Lady Grandison told me yesterday, his education had been neglected, so I pity him; yet cannot love him as I love Charles and Emilia.

L E T T E R IV.

Mrs. D—— to WILLIAM.

I WISH you happy, my son, and rejoice that you have chosen such a friend as Charles. Yet, while you admire your friend, do not hate Edward; remark his faults only to avoid them. He is really an object that should excite your compassion, while you thank God for having placed you in a different situation. You had the advantage of receiving early instruction, and was not allowed to contract any bad habits. Sir Charles paid the same diligent attention to cultivate your new friend's mind, and Dr. Bartlett assisted: but poor Edward was suffered to run almost wild.

You have seen in the little garden I have, that weeds grow quickly; and would soon choke the vegetables and flowers, if a careful hand did not pluck them up by the roots.

Lady Grandison praises you; do your best to deserve her approbation, and you shall ever be the beloved of my heart.

LETTER V.

WILLIAM *to his* MOTHER.

I ENJOY here much pleasure; we walk, we draw, we learn music; and we sometimes go to the Play. But what pleases me most, is a microscope, my friend has. We see in it the most wonderful things; every body ought to have microscopes to know rightly what there is in the world. We view the flies, the spiders, &c. I shall speak to you often of them, I shall communicate our conversations word for word. Dr. Bartlett, who is with us every day, teaches us many wonderful things. Yes, Mama, your son shall be well furnished with knowledge; but I must leave off writing, for I am called. Go then away, letter, and tell my dear mother how much I love her; and assure her that I shall be always her dutiful son.

LETTER VI.

WILLIAM *to his* MOTHER.

TO-MORROW we go to the country seat—what pleasure I shall have there! Charles has packed up a great many books to take with him; for we are both fond of reading. Our drawings and our pencils are not forgotten.

Charles has drawn some landscapes from nature ; and I will try to do a view of the house, and send it to you. I enclose you one of the town habitation. You must observe two windows on the left side of the house, I will mark them, your William sleeps in that room, pray look at it.

We are all glad to go to the country-seat, except Edward, he is displeased. I have been present at a conversation, which interested me. I will repeat it.

Do you know, said Emilia, that our dear Dr. Bartlett goes with us into the country ? Yes, answered Charles, and I am glad of it. So am not I, grumbled Edward. And why ? Because he is always reproving me. The reproofs of so wise a man as Dr. Bartlett are very useful, and then he speaks in such a mild voice, the very tone encourages me to hope that I may correct the faults he reproves : I am sorry but not hurt, said Charles. I thought at least I should be free for some time from learning that miserable Latin, continued Edward ; but, no, we must write a theme every day, I suppose. I hope so, said Charles, and that will not be tiresome. But, Edward, have you nothing to pack up ; I shall let the servants do that, answered he. The servants will have enough to do, said Emilia. Then they may go an hour later to bed. Poor servants, replied Emilia, they are tired and want sleep ; besides, they must rise very early in the morning ; you could spare them some trouble,

and that would be a better employment than tormenting your dog. But he is my dog, snarled Edward. Yes, said Emilia, but the servants are not your servants nor mine. I need not your lessons, Madam.—Charles interrupted him, and took them both by the hand, and, turning to Edward, said, we have been taught from our infancy to think attendance a proof of weakness; and that we ought not to give the meanest of our fellow-creatures trouble when we can avoid it, if we desire to be truly great. Give me the business of the servant and you will oblige me.

Farewel, my dear mother, I will write as soon as I arrive at the country-seat.

LETTER VII.

WILLIAM *to his* MOTHER.

HERE we are at the country-seat, dear mother. What a fine house! what a pretty garden! There are a number of trees I never saw before.

Charles has a little garden, which he manages entirely himself. He plants and sows seeds according to his own mind. As soon as we were rested, he ran to his garden, and what do you think he did? he is certainly a good boy, he gave half a guinea to the gardener, who had taken care of it in his absence. The man receives constant wages from his father; but he

has six children, and Charles is compassionate. Surely it was well done; yet Edward found fault. I will tell you all; oh! I recollect something; Lady Grandison bid me write our conversations in the manner of a dialogue, and not always to be using the phrase, *he said* and *she said*. Edward saw the gardener receive the half guinea, and he ran to Charles.

EDWARD.

Are you foolish, Charles, that you give so much money to that man? My uncle pays him very well for his work.

CHARLES.

That is true; but see how neat my garden is, it deserves a reward. Besides, he is a poor man, who has many children; and I used to climb up his knees when I was a child.

EDWARD.

Very well; but I say again, he has more than what belongs to him. Dare you tell my uncle what you have done?

CHARLES.

Yes, certainly. I hope never to do any thing that I should be afraid to mention to him. He sometimes gives the gardener money himself.

EDWARD.

My uncle gives his own money, and what you gave is not your own.

C H A R L E S.

I beg your pardon ; what I have given to the gardener was my own ; I received it a few days before I left London as a reward ; and could I make a better use of it ? I did double business that I might have some money to give away.

E D W A R D.

And could you not have bought something with it ; such as fire-works ? They would have afforded rare sport in the country.

C H A R L E S.

Fire-works, and for what ? Fire-works are but for a moment ; while the shoes the poor man will buy for his children, will keep them out of the wet a month or two.

E D W A R D, (*laughing.*)

And what good will it do you, if their feet are dry ?

C H A R L E S.

If I do them good, it is enough ; I feel pleasure in assisting the poor, and particularly that good-natured man who was so kind to me when I was a helpless babe.

Edward said no more ; he ran away from us to torment a cat, which he had seen lie sleeping on the grass.

What do you think of all this ? I, for my part, was ashamed of Edward, and love Charles

more than ever. When I am rich, should I ever be so, I will give to the poor ; it is such a pleasure to make glad a person in distress.

L E T T E R VIII.

Mrs. D—— to WILLIAM.

YOUR last letter gave me inexpressible pleasure, my son. I am pleased with you for loving Charles, for loving his virtues ; but you must do more, let your affection have an influence on your conduct, and endeavour to copy the good qualities you approve.

The pleasure that was painted on the gardener's countenance found its way quickly to the heart of Charles, and made it glad ; and this pleasure will be continually renewed, when he meets the smiling infants with the shoes on he gave them. The momentary amusement that the fire-works would have afforded, is not to be compared to this heart-felt satisfaction. The only way to deserve affluence, and indeed the only true pleasure it procures, is the enlarged power of doing good.

Lady Grandison has sent me another of your drawings. I am glad to see you so much improved : go forward in this manner, dear William ; should you be deprived of your small fortune, painting would be a respectable way of earning an independence. At any rate it will be an

innocent source of amusement which will keep you out of idleness and bad company. Yes, idleness leads to every vice ; the exercise of the fine arts is a good preservative of youth. Take your pleasure, my son, fulfil your duty, and write often to your affectionate mother.

L E T T E R IX.

WILLIAM to his MOTHER.

AH, Mama ! a great misfortune has happened here. Edward has fallen into the water, he is very ill. Lady Grandison is indisposed, and we are much afflicted. If he had not got help quickly, he would certainly have been drowned.

It was yesterday afternoon ; he had not wrote his theme, and his uncle ordered him to stay in his room to make it. He is always disobedient ; he was never taught to obey when he was not in the presence of those who had a right to command him. He went down notwithstanding what his uncle had said, and came to us ; but I must tell you all.

We were going to a farm-house, not far off, to drink some warm milk. Edward ran himself out of breath to overtake us. Seeing him running, we waited for him, thinking that he had obtained leave to go with us. After we had walked a little way together, we met a boy with a wheel-barrow, on which there was a barrel of

vinegar. He made us a bow. Soon after his wheel-barrow was turned over, and the vinegar barrel fell out on the ground. The poor boy was in great distress, for he was not able to lift the barrel on the wheel-barrow again; and there was nobody near him who could offer him their assistance. Charles ran to him, Come William, come Edward, said he, let us help this little boy, we shall all four be able to put the barrel in the wheel-barrow. Are you foolish, cried Edward? do you think I would demean myself to such low work? There is no meanness, replied Charles, in doing a good action. Let us see, said I, we three are strong enough, is is not very heavy; in short, mama, we placed the barrel on the barrow—while Edward did nothing but sing, and call us fools. The little boy was very much obliged to us, and wheeled away.

Fine young gentlemen, said Edward, you will soon be able to wheel a vinegar barrel. Very well, cousin, answered Charles, laughing, then if my vinegar barrel was to fall, I should be very thankful to any person who would help me up with it. Laugh as you will, continued Edward, but what would your father say, if he was told what you have done? He would commend Charles, said Emilia, my father is good, he would have done just the same himself. And I, said Edward, am ashamed of this affair; what had we to do with that poor boy? Oh! replied Charles, we must not only be serviceable

to others who have need of assistance because it is our duty ; but we must do it to gratify humane feelings, which, my father says, are in every good heart. I should not have enjoyed the treat we are going to have, if I had left the boy vainly attempting to replace his barrel. Besides, that very boy might have it in his power, some time or other, to assist us ; but this is not a motive, a good action is its own reward.

We had not been many minutes in the farmhouse before Edward proposed sailing in a small boat on a little river near the house. Charles and Emilia refused, saying, that he knew very well that their father and Dr. Bartlett had forbid them. But they will not know any thing about it, replied Edward. Yes, returned Charles, I might conceal it without telling a positive lie ; but I could not meet their eyes in the evening, nor say my prayers if I had deceived them.

Well then, answered Edward, if you will not go on the water, I will return home ; for I do not find any amusement here.

We all thought he meant to do so ; but would you believe it, he went into the boat without our perceiving it.—In about half an hour we heard some one crying out for help. We ran to the place, with the farmer and his son.—But what a terrible sight ! We quickly saw it was Edward who had fallen into the river ; and there was in the water with him a boy, who was vainly endeavouring to draw him to the bank. The farmer hastened to their assistance, and dragged

them both out of the water ; but Edward was insensible. Emilia wept aloud, and I was so surprised and terrified I could not speak : Charles only had presence of mind. He ordered that they should carry his cousin to the mansion-house ; and entreated his sister to try to compose herself ; your tears, said he, will frighten our parents : we must hasten to inform them in the gentlest manner of this misfortune. We soon reached the house. Lady Grandison turned pale, and could scarcely follow Sir Charles, who ran to meet the motionless body which the farmer and his son supported.

At last, dear mother, Edward came to himself ; but he is still in bed, for he caught a very violent cold. Perhaps this accident may do him good, I wish it may ! Farewel, dear mother, I shall write soon again.

WILLIAM.

LETTER X.

WILLIAM to his MOTHER.

LADY Grandison is better, and Edward almost recovered ; and he is grown much wiser. I mentioned in my last letter, a young boy who had jumped into the water to save Edward : now this was the same boy whom we assisted, when Edward laughed at us. I thought of the fable

of the Lion and the Mouse; for certainly he would have been drowned if this courageous boy had not been there. But I must tell you part of a conversation which we had concerning this matter, when we sat in the sick chamber.

EDWARD.

You are very kind, Charles and William, to come to sit with me; this fine evening you could have had more pleasure below than with me.

CHARLES.

It would be mean to seek pleasure only for ourselves. If I was sick, you would, I am sure, come to visit me.

WILLIAM.

It is sufficient for us, to see you so well, it might have had a worse issue.

EDWARD.

That is very true. If I had continued a moment longer in the water, I had been gone; and without that boy who sells vinegar, I should not have been able to have made you hear.

CHARLES.

See then, in this instance, the brotherly love which, I said, we ought to cultivate: we should do good to every fellow-creature; love all as men, but choose our friends.

E D W A R D.

I have lamented, indeed I have, that I did not help the poor boy who ventured his life to save mine.

C H A R L E S.

You are very right to acknowledge your fault; and after such an acknowledgement, only the ill-natured will remember it to your disadvantage. And for the service you may have an opportunity of recompensing the boy, and do not forget to do it, you are indebted to him for life. He has been the instrument, in the hands of providence, of your preservation; and, perhaps, God allowed him to save you, to impress on your mind a useful lesson, to root out your foolish pride. What would a young gentleman have done on such an occasion? He would, most probably, have called out for help; but this hardy boy, more accustomed to difficulties, and having less fear, plunged in without thinking of the danger he ran into. Let us, then, love all our fellow-creatures; those in the lowest condition may be as useful, nay, more so, than those who fill the highest station. One common nature equally ties us to both; are we not all children of the same father?

I had tears in my eyes, dear mother, when I heard Charles deliver these sentiments; his own shone; he is a good creature. I recollected I have often seen labouring men very compas-

sionate. God takes care of the meanest insect, Dr. Bartlett says.

Farewell. I forgot to tell you that we are to go to-morrow to dine with a sister of Sir Charles's, whose house is some miles distant from hence; and as we are to rise earlier than usual, I am going to bed, that I may not keep them a moment in the morning waiting for me. Edward cannot go with us, he is very sorry, and I pity him, he will be so dull alone; but I will lend him a book full of stories. Once more farewell.

WILLIAM.

LETTER XI.

WILLIAM *to his* MOTHER.

WE have been very happy at Lord L——'s; I wish you had seen how well my friend Charles behaves himself in company. Not like young Dulis, I assure you. He has so much affectation and formality: he does nothing but bow, and make compliments, with a half-ashamed face, as if he had done wrong, and was afraid to look the person he spoke to in the face. Charles, on the contrary, is polite with a noble freedom; he walks with ease and grace; he listens with attention, and speaks little; but when the discourse is directed to him, he returns a modest answer.

I will give you an instance of his attention. We were in the garden with the whole party: one of the young ladies had left her hat in the house and complained of the heat of the sun; Charles heard her, and ran immediately for it. Then, with his usual mirth, he asked permission to put it on the lady's head.

Oh, could I be like him how happy I should be! I will try to be as attentive and complaisant. Most people only come into company to eat and drink. I know, for you have told me, that children should not converse much; but they must not appear tired and stupidly dumb. Is it not true, dear mother?

Lady L— has two daughters, they are both very pleasing; the eldest, Charlotte, sings admirably: Emilia is very fond of her, and they have promised to write to each other.

—But I must not forget to tell you what happened to us in our way home. Sir Charles and Lady Grandison, Emilia and another Lady rode in one carriage on before; we were with Dr. Bartlett in the chaise. We had not travelled above three miles, when we saw a poor blind old man sitting very sorrowful under a tree. Charles stopped the carriage. Pray, dear sir, said he, look at that man, he appears blind and wretched; he has nobody with him, pray let me speak to him. He quickly received permission, and jumped out of the carriage. Who are you, my honest friend? said he; who has left you alone in such a solitary place? Alas! answered the

blind man, I am very poor, I came out this morning to beg in the neighbouring village, and my leader, a cruel boy, has left me to myself, because I had not collected enough to pay him as usual. Ah! replied Charles, the sun is already set, it will soon be dark; and what will you then do? I must perish, if God, who is my only refuge, does not send some one to help me. No, answered Charles, you shall not perish; God has sent me to help you.—Dear Dr. Bartlett, let me be so happy as to save an unfortunate blind man left alone, and who might have been lost, if we had not met with him! The night comes on apace, where would this distressed fellow-creature go without a guide? We cannot be far from his house, do take him into the chaise, I will ride behind, that you may not be incommoded. Dr. Bartlett would not allow him to do so, but made room for the poor man. Any other but Charles would, probably, instead of offering to ride behind, have been ashamed of being seen with a man in such ragged clothes; but he, on the contrary, seemed to find pleasure in his company. In short, we only went a mile out of our way; and when we left him at his cottage door, I saw Charles slip some money into his hand, while he modestly received the old man's blessing.

Dr. Bartlett highly commended this act of humanity when we reached home. But, said Emilia, the man in rags must have appeared an odd figure in such a fine carriage. I never

thought of that, sister, answered Charles, I was so glad to seize an opportunity of doing good—and felt myself so warmly interested about the old man's preservation. Nobly done, my son, said Sir Charles. Observe, Emilia, your brother has made a triumphal car of his carriage, which has done him more honour than those the victorious Romans, whose history you are all reading, made for their heroes; he has saved the life of his brother—a poor wanderer in the dark; yet, forlorn as he appeared, that God who allows us to enjoy the cheerful light of day, cares for him, and Jesus Christ would have felt compassion for him; in his eyes the good only were great. Come to my arms, my son, you rejoice your father's heart. We were all silent for a few moments, and tears stood in our eyes—and I prayed that I might glad my mother's heart. Farewell, my dearest mother, love your

WILLIAM.

LETTER XII.

*Miss EMILIA GRANDISON to Miss CHAR-
LOTTE L——.*

I SEND you a small landscape which I have drawn myself, my dear cousin. It is not very valuable I know; but I hope to improve as I grow older, and then I will send you one done in a superior style; but pray hang this in your chamber, and then you will often think of me.

I wish now to ask your advice; next Thursday is mama's birth-day, can you not transcribe for me some verses out of that pretty book you have, which I would present to my mother to express my respect and good wishes, and to shew her—No,—I believe it would not be right—No, do not do it; I will try to express my wishes in my own words.—Why should mama have stolen verses? I love her dearly, and I think I can easily say what gratitude and love inspires; and should my foolish tongue falter, surely she will be able to read in every turn of my face, the sincere affection which warms my heart. I will then think of what this good mother has done for me, what misfortunes she preserved me from; next to God, my thanks are due to her. Indeed I do love her, and I will endeavour to shew my gratitude by my attention to her most trivial commands or wishes; and I hope I shall

never through thoughtlessness occasion her a moment's uneasiness: I should hate myself if I did.

For the future, dear cousin, I will earnestly pray to God to spare my father and mother, the dearest earthly blessings I enjoy. The thought of losing them depresses my spirits:—O may God long preserve them! Yes, yes, with these sentiments, I shall know very well how to wish mama many returns of the day we are to celebrate. I have knit her a purse, during our play hours; I mean to surprise her—she will see that Emilia thinks of her.

Adieu, dear Charlotte, love your affectionate
cousin

EMILIA.

LETTER XIII.

Mrs. D—— to WILLIAM.

YOU learn natural philosophy, my son; consider it as the road to the most sublime knowledge, that of tracing the Creator in his works. His wisdom is conspicuous in the most minute of his productions; all are done well. Observing this uncommon harmony, you will every day love God—love goodness more and more. Sentiments of respect will be implanted in your heart, an awful reverential affection for the

great Ruler of the universe; which affection, if it is active, virtue will flow from, founded on just principles.

Continue to send me an account of your conversations and your observations; they afford me pleasure, and impress the important instructions you receive on your own mind. Be ever thankful to your benefactors, my William; and remember, your diligent attention to your exercises, will be the surest proof of your gratitude. Neglect not a moment; it is the only way to answer the noble purposes you were created to pursue. What agreeable conversations we shall have together when you return; you have—and will in future gladden your mother's heart. God will bless you for it.

Your little sister begins to write very tolerably. Mama, said she to me, the other day, I see it is good to learn to write, for else my brother and you could not tell any thing to each other; it is the same as if he was with you. I hope to be able to write to him myself soon; and then he will answer my letter, and I shall have a letter. I love you very much, mama, for teaching me; I will be always good, because you are so good. What must I do, to shew you how thankful I am? Learn well, Annette, replied I. How, answered she, that is for my own good! I should be unhappy, I could never write to my brother, if I did not. She joins with me in love. Adieu.

LETTER XIV.

WILLIAM *to his* MOTHER.

I THANK you, dear mother, for your kind letter; it is so long since you wrote to me, I was almost afraid you were displeased with me. Hear what I do, I always carry your last letter in my bosom, then I can read it often, and remember the lessons you give me. I love dearly my little sister Annette, she is so good, and so dutiful to you. Miss Emilia sends her a fine doll, I am sure it will please her.

Yesterday was the birth-day of Lady Grandison. Charles was up an hour earlier than usual, and when I awoke I found him, for we sleep together, busy, praying to God for his dear mother; we read some chapters in the New Testament, and then Charles dressed himself in his new clothes. You perhaps may wonder at this; but I will tell you how it was. About a month ago Charles and Edward had each a new summer suit, and were allowed to choose the colour themselves. Edward wore his as soon as it came home; but Charles said that he would keep his till some holiday, and this was the holiday he fixed on. He was soon dressed, and we joined Emilia, who stood ready at our chamber door waiting for us.

We hastened to the breakfast parlour. Charles was the first to congratulate his mother on this

occasion ; Emilia followed him, and gave her a purse, she had privately knit : Charles, I forgot to mention, had plucked a nosegay of his finest flowers. I in like manner discharged my duty as well as I could, at least with a sincere heart, for I love my benefactors. Edward came into the room soon after ; but he approached Lady Grandison in a careless manner, and seemed to be thinking of something else.

We all received presents—mine was a microscope, the thing of all others I wished for ; how kind it was of Lady Grandison to think of my wishes. You will be pleased with it, and I will instruct Annette, she shall see the wonders I have admired.

WILLIAM.

LETTER XV.

WILLIAM to his MOTHER.

I HAVE here new pleasures every day, dear mother ; your William is now become a gardener. Will you help me, said Charles, the day before yesterday ? and if you like it, I will lay out my garden in another manner. It is now full of flowers ; but it affords me not sufficient employment : I would wish to change a part of it at least into a kitchen-garden. My answer was ready. We accordingly went each with a small spade to work, and quickly dug up the

whole garden. The next day we made a small bed for the flowers, and ranged them in due order. We rose very early to work, before the sun was intolerably warm; the gardener gave us some seeds which are proper to sow this month. Now we only desire to see them come up, and intend carefully to weed them. How pleasant it will be, to see the plants shoot out of the ground!

I have seen many wonderful things every day of my life without observing them; but Dr. Bartlett and Charles have taught me to see God in a tree, a flower, a worm; we converse about them. I will relate a conversation we had yesterday. Charles has an aviary, he is very fond of his birds; we had done our work in the garden, and took a walk with Emilia.

CHARLES.

Excuse me, I must leave you a moment; I recollect that I have not taken care of my birds. We both desired to accompany him.

WILLIAM.

Pretty creatures, they seem as if they belonged to you.

CHARLES.

That they do certainly, because they are accustomed to eat out of my hand.

WILLIAM.

They appear to know you, but how do they distinguish betwixt you and me?

C H A R L E S.

It is certain that they have the power to discern, for I have often seen, when I come with my hat on they fly away ; and I conclude from that circumstance, this faculty of discernment, which I am sure they possess, is very weak, or they would always know me.

E M I L I A.

You are very good to your birds, brother ; but Edward let his linnet die with hunger. If I was to do so, I should never forgive myself.

C H A R L E S.

It would be cruel, indeed, to confine the poor creatures, where they cannot get any thing to eat ; and then to neglect them.

E M I L I A.

But may I ask you something, Charles? Would it not be more noble if you was to give them their liberty? They sit there like prisoners ; we only confine bad people, and these poor birds have not done wrong.

C H A R L E S.

No, they are not unhappy in their confinement ; God has created them for our pleasure, though we displease him when we treat them with cruelty.

E M I L I A.

They must yet, I think, be uneasy, when they

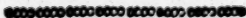
see others flying in the open air, and themselves shut up.—We should not be satisfied.

CHARLES.

They cannot reason as we can. If we were shut up, we should say to ourselves, how disagreeable it is to be confined; and how precious is liberty. But birds have not any idea of this difference. If we give them plenty to eat and drink they are content, without wishing for what they have not. That linnet of Edward's, you just now mentioned, as long as he had something, he eat it up, without any anxiety for the future. A sign, that he had not the power of reflecting. A man, on the contrary, would be afraid of want, if his provisions began to fail; and then he would eat sparingly; but a bird has not any conception of wanting food—much less his liberty.

I will only add, that I am your affectionate son,

WILLIAM.



LETTER XVI.

WILLIAM *to his* MOTHER.

SIR Charles and his Lady went yesterday to pay a visit, and took Emilia and Edward with them. Charles and I remained at home with Dr. Bartlett. After our lessons were finished, we requested him to walk with us; the even-

ing was very fine, the sun was setting. Dr. Bartlett proposed ascending a neighbouring hill, that we might see the sun set—for, said he, it is a fine sight.

CHARLES.

You have often told me, Sir, that the sun did not move, but the earth on which we live goes round the sun. If so, why do you say, the sun sets?

DR. BARTLETT.

That is a manner of speaking which has been taken from the earliest times, and the term is generally used, though the same sense is not annexed to it. They thought formerly that the sun moved round the earth, which it seems to do; but we now know better, after further enquiries, and various observations.

CHARLES.

Should we then say that the sun moves?

DR. BARTLETT.

If you were in a boat, you would say with as much propriety, that the land and the trees moved, by which you failed; and yet they do not move.

CHARLES.

That is true, I have often observed it; but how comes it, that we do not feel the motion of the earth?

DR. BARTLETT.

Because you are accustomed to it from your birth, and the motion of so vast a body cannot

be felt by so small a creature as man is, in proportion. The sun is much larger than the earth; thus it is more reasonable to conceive, arguing from what we know of the wisdom of the great Mover, that the earth goes round the sun, than that the sun moves round the earth.

WILLIAM.

And is the sun, Sir, so very large?

DR. BARTLETT.

It is well known to astronomers, that the sun is above a million of times bigger than the earth: judge then how large it must be.

WILLIAM.

But how do you know all this?

DR. BARTLETT.

By careful investigation; and as you are fond of reading, you may yourself be convinced of it; Charles will lend you the *Spēctacle de la Nature**. In that excellent book you will find instruction delivered in an easy manner.

CHARLES.

But I must yet ask you, Sir, how can the sun, which you say is about ninety-five millions of miles from us, give us so much warmth and light?

* On this subject a more useful book has been lately published, entitled, *An Introduction to Astronomy*.

DR. BARTLETT.

This is truly a great miracle of almighty Power.

WILLIAM.

I am glad I know that the sun is so large. Many think it is not larger than it appears to us.

DR. BARTLETT.

The further any thing is from us, the smaller it appears; as that kite for instance, it will appear much less in the air, than it does on the ground.

CHARLES.

Certainly; and this is also a proof, that the sun must be amazingly great, because that it is at such an immense distance from us. The moon, by the same rule, must be very large.

DR. BARTLETT.

The moon is large; but much less than the earth. There are stars which are of a much superior magnitude.

WILLIAM.

We should not think so.

DR. BARTLETT.

That arises from the stars being still further from us than the moon.

WILLIAM.

And is the moon also a globe of fire?

DR. BARTLETT.

No. The moon is a dark body, it receives its light from the sun.

CHARLES.

All the stars which we see, have their names I suppose ?

DR. BARTLETT.

Not all ; we have given names to some of them, that we may better distinguish them.

CHARLES.

I feel a great desire to be an astronomer ; it must be a very pleasing study..

DR. BARTLETT.

That desire should be encouraged ; you will by this science learn rightly to know the great power of your Creator. View the setting sun—what a glorious scene ! We should without it be very miserable. All would lie in dreadful darkness. It affords us light, and it brings an agreeable warmth to the earth ; it makes the fruit and grass grow : the earth could not bring forth without the sun's influence.

CHARLES.

There, the sun is set.—How comes it that it is not now immediately dark ?

DR. BARTLETT.

That arises from the flexibility of its beams, which we will enquire into another time ; your

laudable curiosity pleases me. Let us now reflect what great benefit we receive from God's allowing the darkness to come on so gradually. Would it not be dreadful if we came in a moment from clear light into thick darkness ?

CHARLES.

Very true, Sir ; it would damp our spirits, and the night would then always surprise us before we were aware of it.

DR. BARTLETT.

It is indeed happy for us that the night comes and goes away imperceptibly. If we passed out of darkness into light in a moment, our eyes would be blinded by the sudden glare ; and the surprise would discompose our minds. The wisdom of the Almighty Creator appears thus in every thing.

CHARLES.

I never yet thought of that benefit, when I have seen the sun set. I am glad, Sir, that you have pointed it out to me, for it will make me more thankful for the divine goodness.

DR. BARTLETT.

I will send for my telescope, and then you will have a nearer view of the moon. And tomorrow morning I will call you very early, and we will see the sun rise—you will find it equally beautiful.

Dear mother, how happy I am to learn all this. I already feel more love and reverence

for God, the cause of all these wonders, than I had before. If I grew ever so tall, I should not think myself a man, till I knew something of the works of God.—Can a man be wise who sees him not in every surrounding object? Charles and I intend to make all the enquiries we possibly can—we will try to be good and wise.

WILLIAM.

LETTER XVII.

WILLIAM to his MOTHER.

WE were this morning, mama, at half past two, in the fields, to see the beautiful scene of the sun rising. Edward would not go with us, he rather chose to sleep. He is very lazy, and ignorant of course, Dr. Bartlett says. Yet, though he plays much more than we do, he is not so happy; he often seems not to know what to do with himself, idleness making the hours so heavy. He wishes for his meals long before the time, and torments insects and animals wantonly to shorten the tedious interval. I heard Sir Charles say, the other day, he feared he would never be a man in understanding. That instead of rising gradually to a man, he was sinking into a brute. But I must relate our conversation. The stars were yet visible when we went out.

YOUNG GRANDISON.

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CHARLES.

My father has promised me some excellent books, Sir.

DR. BARTLETT.

The books of wise writers, are useful to make us more easily understand what we see and experience; but our own eyes may teach us a great deal. The Book of Nature, the heavens, with all the stars and planets; this earth on which we are, with all its productions and creatures, is the best book; but others will serve as guides.

CHARLES.

See, Sir, I think it is lighter.

DR. BARTLETT.

Observe, now, how the stars begin to grow dim, before the approaching light of the sun.

WILLIAM.

I thought always that the stars went away, when it was day light.

DR. BARTLETT.

There are some which have their appointed revolutions; and others which are stationary; these we call the fixed stars.

CHARLES.

Are there stars then by day as well as by night?

DR. BARTLETT.

Certainly. But the stronger light of the sun, makes the fainter light of the stars invisible.

CHARLES.

How beautiful the trees and fields begin to appear.

DR. BARTLETT.

Yes. What just now appeared a scene of confusion, is changed into a charming country. The fields, which were before not to be distinguished, now seem green, and decked with a thousand flowers. The light gives all again their colours.

CHARLES.

What you say is remarkable. I begin to imagine that the light gives the colours.

DR. BARTLETT.

Without light, would not all be black? But this is a subject you cannot understand, till you have read and considered things more maturely. See there, the sun begins to appear. What think you of that sight?

CHARLES.

Can it be, that most men spend this hour in sleep?

DR. BARTLETT.

Such men make themselves unworthy the favours of their Maker. The glorious sun,

which is sent to make us joyful, to warm us, and to nourish us, well deserves that we should sometimes rise to bid it welcome.

CHARLES.

Pray let us often behold the rising of the sun. We sometimes spend money to see a fine scene; and this scene, which we can have for nothing, beyond measure surpasses what can be done by the art of man.

Dr. Bartlett then was moving homewards; but we requested him to prolong his walk, as the morning was fine, and we knew they would not wait breakfast for us. But this letter is already too long, and I must attend my drawing-master; you shall hear the rest soon.

WILLIAM.

LETTER XVIII.

WILLIAM *to his* MOTHER.

I HAVE not forgotten what I promised you, dear mother. No, you have told me we should always remember what we promise.

CHARLES.

How beautifully green the fields are.

DR. BARTLETT.

Yes, that green enlivens the prospect, and

does not require much cultivation: a common blessing we often overlook, though our gratitude on that very account should be excited.

CHARLES.

The garden gives us more flowers, and a greater variety.

DR. BARTLETT.

You are mistaken; the field flowers are innumerable. Look round about you, and you will see that I have reason to say so.

WILLIAM.

But then the fruits which the garden produces.

DR. BARTLETT.

These fruits are the gift of our Creator, for which you ought to be thankful; but believe me, these blades on which we tread are of yet greater value. They support the cattle who yield us such delicate food, milk, butter, and cheese. The useful horse here renews his strength; and the sheep, whose wool answers so many purposes, which keeps us warm both day and night, nip the short grass every where spread. And all this happens without our labour, or any great care; while the fruits and the flowers in the garden, require perpetual attention. Certainly we find here a much greater proof of God's goodness than in our flower garden. This grass is necessary, my friends, but the flowers and the fruits we could live without.

CHARLES.

These wild flowers are very pretty; why do we set so little value on them?

DR. BARTLETT.

Because we accustom ourselves to consider things in a wrong point of view; and to imagine those of little value which we obtain without art or labour. Come, my young friends, let us correct this mistake; let us not undervalue even the grass; let us always acknowledge it to be the liberal gift of heaven, intended to support both man and beast.

WILLIAM.

Look what a quantity of fish, that rivulet contains.

CHARLES.

They are beautiful creatures; how can they live in the water? Most other animals would die.

DR. BARTLETT.

God has given the fish another kind of body; because they were designed for the water, to inhabit the great deep. They have fins to move themselves from place to place; and besides that, the tail is of great use to them in swimming; and the fins, which they have on their backs and bellies, enable them to keep themselves upright.

CHARLES.

But how can they breathe; have they any air in the water?

DR. BARTLETT.

You must have observed, that they first draw the water in, and then immediately spurt it out again: they obtain by this continual motion, the air which is necessary.

CHARLES.

You have well said, my dear Sir, that in every thing the great wisdom of God is displayed: for this is truly wonderful.

DR. BARTLETT.

There are yet greater wonders to be seen in the world of waters.—Would you think, that in a single drop of water, there are thousands of living creatures, which you cannot see with your naked eye?

WILLIAM.

In a single drop of water?

DR. BARTLETT.

Yes. And to convince yourself of this, you have only to use your microscope, and you will plainly see an innumerable quantity of creatures sporting in the comparatively small space.

CHARLES.

You fill me with astonishment. Pray let

us go home directly, I long to view this new world of creatures.

Dr. Bartlett commended his curiosity. We returned home; and after we had swallowed a hasty breakfast, carried a glass of the river water into our play-room. We soon saw that what Dr. Bartlett said was true. Certainly, my dear mother, that glass of water was a sea full of all sorts of creatures, of wonderful forms. I never thought that there were such small living creatures. How admirable is the wisdom of God! for you recollect that so small a body must have members and bowels, as perfect for the purposes of life as the largest animal. We have discovered all this through the assistance of the microscope; but my letter would be too long, if I was to relate all that we have discovered. Bless your son, my mother Adieu.

WILLIAM.

LETTER XIX.

WILLIAM *to his* MOTHER.

SIR Charles and Lady Grandison have been for some days from home ; but Dr. Bartlett is with us. The house-keeper, and all the servants, consult Emilia, and she, in the most modest manner, tells them what she knows her mother wishes them to do. She is not allowed to command any of them ; the house-keeper in particular, a respectable woman, Lady Grandison said, ought not to receive orders from a child ; but she behaves with such propriety, they are all eager to oblige her ; indeed she follows her brother's example. Edward, on the contrary, does nothing but romp and wrestle, and afterwards quarrel with them. He hates all employment ; I should imagine, those who do not learn when they are young, must appear very foolish when they are old. . You shall hear what Charles said to him yesterday. Charles, Emilia, and I sat on one side of the room, drawing ; while Edward tied a thread to a beetle—and often he would jump, as if by accident, against our chairs, to disturb us and make us leave our employment. Charles spoke to him.

C H A R L E S.

Ah, Edward, what pleasure can you find in torturing a poor insect ? It turns me sick to see you ; pray let it go !

E D W A R D.

And what do you do, when you and William set the butterflies on a needle to look at them through your fine microscope? That pleases you, and this pleases me.

C H A R L E S.

If William and I set the butterflies on a needle, only for our amusement, it would be wrong; but we do it to instruct ourselves—yet, though we seek instruction, I could not bear to torture them; the sight of their agonies would engross my whole attention. Dr. Bartlett has taught me to kill them expeditiously without injuring their appearance. I then gratify my curiosity without hardening my heart, for that tender-hearted man, our dear tutor, often says, that even the attainment of knowledge cannot compensate for a quick emotion of benevolence, banished by a habit of thoughtless cruelty. He wishes to make me wise; but still more ardently to incite me to practise goodness, to shew kindness to the insects who crawl under my feet; and to let my love mount up from them to the beings, who, while they enjoy the blessings of heaven, can recognize the hand which bestows them.

E D W A R D.

Well, if you will come with me into the garden, I will let it go.

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C H A R L E S.

That is to say, that if I refuse to go with you, you will continue to torment the poor insect. It is not its fault if I do not go with you—surely this is not right; but I will accompany you.

E M I L I A.

It begins to rain.

C H A R L E S.

Shall I read to you? I have got a very entertaining book.

E D W A R D.

You know I do not love reading.

C H A R L E S.

So you do not desire to converse with men.

E D W A R D.

Well, yes.—What then?

C H A R L E S.

Books speak; and make us wiser, while we are amused.

E D W A R D.

I do not desire to be learned; but to be an officer.

E M I L I A.

A fine officer, who will not know how to read or write intelligibly!

E D W A R D.

Now, Charles, preach, as you did the other day about cards.

CHARLES.

I reproved your too great fondness for cards. You are angry if you lose ; and those who cannot play with temper, in my opinion, ought never to play at all. It is not amiss to know how to play, because that cards are so much used in company, and it enables one to oblige those who are fond of this amusement. I do not find any pleasure in it ; and I hope never, from a false pride, to be induced to play for more than I can afford to lose.

EMILIA.

Poor Mr. Beverley, who died last week, and left his family in great distress, my mama told me, first played to avoid being laughed at, and called a mean-spirited man. He went on from one thing to another, till he spent his whole fortune, and ruined his constitution. His wife actually took in needle-work to support him during his last illness, though she had been educated to expect better things. He died in an obscure lodging, a burden to the woman he ought to have been a comfort to ; and left his half-starved babes, to weep over the lifeless body of their inconsiderate parent. I wept too—when I heard of it.

The conversation was interrupted, but I must tell you Emilia had tears in her eyes, when she told us about poor Mr. Beverley's children. I remember now I used to be vexed when young Dulis laughed at me, and called me a coward,

when I refused to do mischief; and mean, when I saved my money, though I intended to give it to a poor blind man; but he did not know that. I do not like to tell any one but yourself that I give most part of my allowance to the poor; it would look as if I wanted to be praised, and that the love of praise was my motive; but indeed it is not, the pleasure I feel at the moment, is a sufficient reward. Besides, I think I resemble my dear mother, and I am happy.—I am sure you will love me, if I practise virtue.

WILLIAM.

LETTER XX.

WILLIAM to his MOTHER.

ONE of the servants has been very ill. You cannot think how compassionately Emilia attended her. She rose very early this morning to carry her some refreshment, and tried to amuse her. She requested Dr. Bartlett to send for a physician; and she took as much care of her as if the poor girl had been her own sister. Edward reproached her. It well becomes you, said he, to be sure, to wait on the maid. And why not, answered she; you play with the servant to amuse yourself (and such a degree of familiarity is indeed improper) and I take care of the maid, through pity. A servant is a human being; we

are differently educated, I cannot make them my companions, but I will ever try to treat them humanely—and remember that they are my fellow-creatures, when they are in distress. Edward was ashamed and ran out of the room. My mother, I thought always acted in the same manner. I remember well, when our Hannah had the fever, that you took care of her yourself. But it brings to my remembrance something, which makes me sorrowful. How unfortunate you are ! Here are so many servants, and you, my poor mother, have only a little girl to assist you ; you yourself are obliged to do many things—a colonel's widow should have servants to wait on her ; it is mean to work, and do not people despise you for being reduced to such a condition ? When I am a man, and have increased my fortune, you shall have servants, and live as a gentlewoman ought to live.

WILLIAM.

LETTER XXI.

Mrs. D—— to WILLIAM.

I ADMIRE Emilia, she is a good, and a pleasing girl; there is not a more amiable virtue than compassion. It is much to be wished that all young ladies would take her for their pattern; and, instead of falling into the two shameful extremes, familiarity and haughtiness, which are often to be observed in the same character, they would treat their servants with humanity and decent kindness. You know how frequently I have praised you for your affability to your inferiors.—But, William, why are you grieved that I have but one servant? A number of servants are not necessary; they serve more for shew than use. Had I riches, I would try not to waste the precious deposit; I would live according to my station. And while my own real and artificial wants were supplied, I should think with pleasure, that though so many servants were not necessary to wait on me, I enabled some industrious fellow-creatures to earn an honest livelihood; and by humane treatment made their labour pleasant. But since it has not pleased heaven to give me riches, I am content, and thankful that I can keep a girl to do the most laborious and menial part of my household business, which I could not do without injuring my health, and neglecting your sister's education.

I am not in absolute need of any more assistance. And what now is that employment, which, you say, is unbecoming the widow of a colonel? You wrote hastily, it is not dishonourable to serve ourselves when we cannot afford to pay for the services of others. It will be more satisfaction to you, to be able to say, after my death, my mother provided her own dinner; her clothes were the work of her hands; her œconomy made up for the deficiencies of fortune; and her virtues made her respectable; than if you heard your parent reproached, for living according to her rank and fortune. She had a fine house, rich furniture, a number of servants; but she has left nothing behind her; and what is still worse, has injured several industrious people who trusted to her honour. What would then be the son of a colonel? A despised youth, who, though innocent, must blush for his mother's want of thought and justice. The son of a reputable tradesman, would scarcely acknowledge him as an equal; but I have said enough, I hope, to dissipate your false pride and concern for me: you find I am satisfied with my station. Again let me tell you, your letters are a comfort to me; was I much poorer than I am, I should esteem myself rich in the possession of such a son.

Farewel, my dear William, regulate and follow the good inclinations I have endeavoured to cultivate, then you will not only be the comfort of your mother, but the protector of your sister.

D.

LETTER XXII.

EMILIA GRANDISON to *Lady* GRANDISON.

WE have been greatly alarmed, dear mother. Mr. Wilton's house was last night burned to the ground. Oh what frightful flames ! The air was as red as blood ; my heart beat very strong, I trembled lest the family should be destroyed in their beds.—It was dreadful to see such devastation by fire ; how careful we ought to be to avoid the sudden horror of so terrible a calamity. If they had been careful, this misfortune would not have happened ; the two Miss Wilsons were the occasion of it. They had in the evening, without its being observed, lighted a fire in their play-room ; and spread the coals on the hearth to bake privately some cakes. The fire must certainly have caught the boards ; but they did not perceive it ; as they were interrupted before the cakes were half baked, and obliged to go to their mother, who called for them. They swallowed hastily the unwholesome, and even unpalatable cakes, and shut the door without thinking any more about it. The flames did not burst out till the whole family had been some time fast asleep. There is not any thing saved. All the furniture, clothes, and the stock of the farm were reduced to ashes. The poor girls escaped with only a single petticoat on ; and Mrs. Wilton was with difficulty rescued from the de-

vouring flames, which consumed all her substance.

What will now become of that pride, which made the Miss Wilsons treat with such disdain the neighbouring farmers daughters, because they were their inferiors in birth and fortune—and now they are happy to find a shelter in the houses they despised. Indeed, mama, I will obey you, and ever behave with kindness to my inferiors. But I have something else to tell you, and I am sure you will not be angry with me ; I sent some of my clothes to the Miss Wilson, who is about my size ; I have more than I want—and surely, mama, if that was not the case, I ought cheerfully to bear a trifling inconvenience to do a fellow-creature an essential service. Wearing for the first time new clothes, never gave me half the pleasure—no, it cannot be compared with what I felt, when I gave away my old ones. I did not send my best (though I would have parted with them without feeling any reluctance) as I thought, common clothes would suit her better. Farewel, dear mother.

EMILIA

L E T T E R XXIII.

Young GRANDISON to his FATHER.

I AM just returned, my dear father, from visiting poor Mr. Wilson. Emilia has written my mother an account of the dreadful accident which happened last night; and I wish, ardently wish, to alleviate the distress I could scarcely behold without shedding tears—indeed I believe I should have wept, if I had not been full of a plan, which darted into my head, when I heard the grey-headed old man lament the disaster, which, in the course of one night, swept away the hard-earned fruits of many toiling years. To be plunged into poverty, said he, when my strength faileth me, and even the sweat of my brow will not procure the necessaries of life—is sad. And so it is; now I will tell you what I have thought of. You know my uncle left me five thousand pounds—I think it a great fortune, and I can surely spare two hundred to help Mr. Wilson out of his extreme distress; that sum would be sufficient to stock another farm. I shall be rich enough, and the more so, as you are so good as to let the interest accumulate. I beg, Sir, you will not refuse my humble request—I shall have more satisfaction in relieving this unfortunate man, than ever my two hundred pounds can give. To rescue from poverty an industrious man and his family, what a blessing! In this

respect, let me be like my father, who is himself so benevolent,—who has taught me to be compassionate. Were you but here, I would throw myself at your feet, and—but it is enough, you will judge if my request merits your attention; my duty is submission, and I know I need not try to persuade you—you will at once do what appears to you right.

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XXIV.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON to his SON.

YOU have learned of me, you say, to be compassionate. It has ever been my wish and endeavour, to make your heart feel the miseries of your fellow-creatures; and I have laboured to inculcate the virtue, which next to the love, the goodness of God ought to inspire, is the noblest ornament of our nature. The request you make is a proof of the warm generosity of your heart: and so praise-worthy a desire merits a reward. The fresh discovery I have made of your benevolent disposition, is of more value, in my estimation, than the two hundred pounds, which you will find enclosed. Go, my Charles, make glad poor Wilson's heart, and taste the delight which flows from benevolence. But let

me tell you, the legacy must not be touched before you are of age : it was entrusted to my care as a guardian, and not as a father.

GRANDISON.

LETTER XXV.

Lady GRANDISON to EMILIA.

YOU were right, my dear Emilia, when you imagined I could not be angry with you for following the humane dictates of your heart. As a proof of my approbation of your conduct, and to reward you for it, I will give you another opportunity of experiencing the pleasure which arises from benevolence. You will find in my drawers a piece of calico ; send for the mantua-maker, and desire her to make Mrs. and Miss Wilson a dress immediately. I know this commission will afford you more pleasure, than if I gave it you for yourself. But, my Emilia, why did you mention their faults, when you related the circumstances which made them truly objects to excite my commiseration. You might silently have determined to behave properly to your inferiors, without exhibiting the disagreeable picture of their haughtiness, when it was receiving a severe chastisement. Never, my child, add to the miseries of others, even though the sufferers should be unworthy.—Be tender-hearted in

every sense of the word. I do not mean to chide you, when I point out an error ; you are a good girl.—You were judicious in not sending your best clothes ; you considered the wants of the person you wished to assist, and your generosity had not that tincture of vanity which very frequently degrades it. Always, my child, desire rather to do good, than to display your goodness : remember that the best of Beings notes your secret thoughts ; and that it is truly noble to have sometimes his approbation singly in view.

Farewel, forget not the useful lesson you have given yourself, never to be proud of clothes or furniture ; an unforeseen casualty might deprive you of them, and even the riches which procured them. “ Lay up then a treasure in heaven ; where neither rust, nor moth can corrupt ; nor thieves break through and steal.”

HARRIOT GRANDISON.

LETTER XXVI.

CHARLES *to his* FATHER.

WHAT a pleasure you have allowed me to enjoy, my dear father ! indeed I know not how to thank you for it ; but I will tell you how happy you have made Mr. Wilton, and that will reward you. The tears rolled down his cheeks as he pressed the hand I he'd out ;—but I must relate the particulars. Mr. Wilton has a great spirit ; I was afraid it would hurt him to receive a present from a boy ; I wished to have put it in his snuff-box, to have avoided hurting his delicacy ; but I could not contrive to do it unobserved. I then offered to lend him the sum he wanted, and refused a note he would have given me, and ran out of the house—I did not want thanks—I rather wished to thank God for permitting me to relieve a fellow-creature.

I am, dear Sir, your affectionate and dutiful son,

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XXVII.

WILLIAM *to his* MOTHER.

WE went yesterday with Dr. Bartlett to visit a farm-house, where there are some bee-hives. I had often heard of bees, but I never saw them work before. What wonderful little creatures! But I will give you our conversation.

EMILIA.

Will not these bees hurt us, Sir?

DR. BARTLETT.

No. But we must not make any violent noise; we must approach them softly. Look, you may imagine you view a whole city, well peopled; where every one does his best to earn a subsistence in an honest way: none here stand idle. What a lesson for the sluggard who wastes his time in idleness, and is a burden to himself and others.

EMILIA.

Have they made those little holes entirely themselves?

DR. BARTLETT.

Yes. They are always employed; they take care in the summer to provide food for the winter; and build themselves little rooms in which they are preserved from the cold. They pay also a necessary attention to cleanliness;

they carefully throw out any accidental dirt, and the dead bees.

WILLIAM.

But, Sir, if it should happen that a snail, or any other insect enters the hive, would they immediately drive it away?

DR. BARTLETT.

When they find such an insect, after they have killed it, they enclose it in wax, so that no damage can arise from it.—Observe what harmony reigns in the hive; every one has his particular post. One flies out to gather honey; another takes care of the wax; and a third has his business in the hive. They who remain at home, come to the entrance of the hive, to take the load from those who fly abroad: and this way they relieve and help each other. We may then justly compare them to a virtuous family; where every one is diligently employed to make his companions happy.

CHARLES.

But I think I see one much larger than the rest.

DR. BARTLETT.

You are quick-sighted, it is the queen you see, and they pay her all possible respect: there is never more than one queen in a swarm.

CHARLES.

Bees are of great use to us.

DR. BARTLETT.

Certainly. We should without them, have neither honey nor wax; which are both very useful for various purposes.

WILLIAM.

But, Sir, is it not hard that we should rob the bees of their honey, which they have so industriously gathered for themselves?

DR. BARTLETT.

It would be cruel, indeed, if we did not leave them a sufficient quantity. Providence, in the whole of creation, considered the wants of man; yet did not neglect to supply those of the meanest of his creatures. We are allowed to govern them, and partake of the dainties they procure; but the master must not degenerate into a tyrant—a cruel spoiler.

EMILIA.

I never could endure bees, because they sting; but for the future I will love them.

DR. BARTLETT.

Do so, and remember that there are many other things which you despise, only because you cannot discern their use, or have not thought about it.

EMILIA.

What kind of an understanding have the bees?

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EMILIA.

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DR. BARTLETT.

We distinguish it by the name of instinct. It is instilled at once; and does not grow gradually, and improve as our faculties, if properly employed, always will.

WILLIAM.

Are there no means to enable men to procure honey? for they see the bees collect it from the flowers and herbs.

DR. BARTLETT.

No certainly. We will look at a bee through the microscope, and then you will discover the instrument, with which they collect their treasure; an instrument which all the art of man cannot prepare.

Dr. Bartlett said very true; we took a bee home, and looked at it through our glass—I wish I could give you a description of it; but you shall see it in my microscope, when we meet in your little room, which I think of with more pleasure than the sight of the finest English house ever inspired.

WILLIAM.

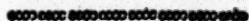
L E T T E R XXVIII.

WILLIAM *to his* MOTHER.

O H! my dear mother, my friend Charles has scalded his leg, and cannot walk. Edward, who always does things rashly, was the occasion of it, by throwing down a kettle of boiling water. But I never saw such patience, such goodness as Charles possesses. Instead of being angry, he, on the contrary, concealed the pain he felt. It is nothing, said he, it has not hurt me much, do not make yourself uneasy Edward. But we soon perceived how it was, for his leg swelled so suddenly, they were obliged to cut his stocking, before they could get it off. Emilia began to cry, and upbraid Edward for his carelessness; and thoughtlessly wished he had scalded himself. Charles interrupted her; I do not wish any one to suffer, said he; be composed, dear sister, my leg will not, I hope, be much the worse. Edward did not do it on purpose, it was an accident; reproaches cannot mend the matter; and if it was worse we ought rather to encourage each other. He then sent for the house-keeper, and requested her to dress it—and hearing Dr. Bartlett's foot-step, entreated his sister not to mention Edward as the cause of the accident; your anger, he added, gives me more pain than the scald.

How happy it is when we can command such presence of mind—such composure in a moment. Tell me, does it not arise from thinking more of what others suffer, than the actual pain we ourselves endure? Had he been fretful, it would not have done him any good; I should have pitied, without admiring him, as I now do.—But the pleasure I find in writing to my dear mother, makes me forget that he desired me to keep him company. I give you then a night kiss in the thoughts of my heart. Adieu.

WILLIAM.



LETTER XXIX.

WILLIAM *to his* MOTHER.

CHARLES begins to walk a little. I love him, and if I was not excited by affection, my sense of duty would prompt me to attend him now he is sick. Besides, I have much pleasure when we are alone together. We were yesterday busy with our glasses the whole afternoon. Dear mother, what amazing things there are which we cannot see with our naked eye. Should you think there are living creatures in a small grain of sand, and that those grains of sand contain small holes, in which they hide themselves. The mould that is in old cheese, appears like a wood of trees, with branches and

leaves. In the hair of the head, we discovered a tube, through which a juice ran. Who would believe that small insects, scarcely visible, have blood vessels and bowels, constructed with as much care as those of the largest animals.

And the flowers, they are indeed beautiful. Come, said Charles, let us see the difference between the works of God and man. We employed our attention on the natural rose first; all was splendid and perfect: we then viewed an artificial rose; but what a difference! All was rough and disagreeable, and the beauty vanished. We looked at some highly polished steel; but it appeared like unwrought rusty iron. What then is the art of man, compared with the almighty power of the Creator? Nothing, indeed!--Oh that every body knew this! They would have more reverence for the Supreme Being. But what do we? We pluck a flower—we keep it some hours; and then throw it away without thinking that the greatest effort of human art could not produce such another. We slowly labour—but God spoke—and it was done.

WILLIAM.

LETTER XXX.

WILLIAM to *his* MOTHER.

SIR Charles and Lady Grandison are expected this afternoon. We are all glad, the servants join in the general joy. Is it not a good sign, when the servants are attached to their masters? I will endeavour to be good and humane, when I am a man, it is so delightful to be loved.

But I must again speak of my friend Charles. Dr. Bartlett asked us after breakfast if we would take a short walk. Charles, who is much better, desired to be excused going with us. My leg, said he, is not quite well; if I walk much on it, my father and mother would perceive it, and I do not wish to give them a moment's uneasiness, I would rather lose the pleasure of the walk. He then remained in his chamber, and Emilia, Edward, and I, accompanied Dr. Bartlett, and we had the following conversation.

E M I L I A.

Why is it not always summer, Sir? The summer is far more delightful than the winter.

DR. BARTLETT.

If it was always summer, we should not enjoy as much pleasure as we do at present. The succession of the seasons rouses our attention, and gives variety to the year; you would be tired of the most beautiful prospect, if it

never varied. You have experienced this very often, I believe. Some months ago, I gave you an optic glass, and you were so pleased with it that you would leave off eating to amuse yourself with the wonders it discovered: now your curiosity sleeps, it is thrown aside; some months it may come in play again. So it is with the trees and flowers; the change of summer and winter is adapted to our nature, while the earth is allowed a resting time; during which it gathers fresh strength to bud forth in the beautiful livery of spring.

EMILIA.

I never viewed it in this light. Oh! there is a great frog.

DR. BARTLETT.

Why are you frightened, they will do you no harm.

EDWARD.

No, they do no harm.

EMILIA.

Dare you then touch one, Edward?

EDWARD.

Yes. Look at me, I will touch one.

DR. BARTLETT.

We may without danger touch a frog, if we only know how to distinguish it from a

toad.—But it is most prudent not to play with any animal you are not acquainted with.

EMILIA.

Then it is right to be afraid of all sorts of creatures?

DR. BARTLETT.

By no means. You know, for example, that it gives you pain when you take hold of a nettle: have you then reason to cry out when you see a nettle? Those little creatures, even though provided with a weapon to defend themselves, or revenge an injury, will not seek you: they are more afraid of you than you of them.

WILLIAM.

See, the frog jumps away when we come near it.

EMILIA.

But what say you of rats and mice?

EDWARD.

They fear us yet more. You have often seen how they run away, if they hear the least noise. I for my part am more afraid of fleas and gnats than of rats and mice. What do all these creatures in the world? They are of no use.

DR. BARTLETT.

How do you know that they are not serviceable? I think, nay, I am sure they are.

All that we discover the cause of in God's works, is good: and our ignorance ought not to make us doubt of his goodness. A spider, for instance, you would say, is a disagreeable useless insect.

WILLIAM.

I am afraid of a spider, Sir.

DR. BARTLETT.

That is a weakness, my dear William, which you must try to conquer; you shall draw some spiders for me. Now a spider, that insect so odious in your eyes, is of great service to us by his diligence. At the time that the grapes and other fruits begin to ripen, he spins a curious web to cover them from the flies and other insects, without doing the fruit any injury. And from this slight circumstance we may conclude with reason, that most things in the earth are serviceable, though we know not their particular use.

EMILIA.

Look, William, what a fine house, I wish I lived in such a noble one.

DR. BARTLETT.

And why, Emilia; think you that that house, because it appears so stately, is more convenient than the one you inhabit?

EMILIA.

It is much larger, Sir.

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DR. BARTLETT.

The family may be in proportion to its size; if not, great part of it is useless: you have in your's, all that you ought to desire.

EMILIA.

It looks well, I think, to live in such a fine house.

DR. BARTLETT.

My dear Emilia, that shewy appearance is chiefly for those that pass by, as you do now; there are possibly more wants in that house than in your's. Let us always try to be satisfied with what we have, for otherwise, if you had that house you would not be content, you would still see a better; and so you would never have done wishing.

We were silent a few moments, when Dr. Bartlett called hastily to Emilia, and desired her to cast her eyes on a decayed cottage, near the road side.

EMILIA.

That looks miserable; there is but a small window in it: those who live in it can have very little light.

DR. BARTLETT.

But, miserable as it appears, your fellow-creatures live in it.

YOUNG GRANDISON.

EMILIA.

They have reason to complain.

DR. BARTLETT.

Think you so? No. They are happy to have such an house. How many are there who have scarcely a covering to sleep under; and who, when it begins to be dark, benumbed with rain and cold, know not where to sleep.

EMILIA.

I am distressed. Ah, if all men were as well provided for as I am, that would quench the thirst of wishing.—But I see a poor boy, perhaps he is looking for a shelter.

DR. BARTLETT.

Very possibly.

He shall sleep this night under a roof, said Emilia, as she ran to give the boy something. I really pitied him, and gave him a trifle. The poor fellow looked pleased. How happy are the rich that they can give to the poor!

WILLIAM.

LETTER XXXI.

WILLIAM *to his* MOTHER.

YESTERDAY, when we returned home, we found Charles in the parlour waiting for us, and ready to receive his father and mother, who soon after arrived. He forgot the pain in his leg, and ran eagerly to meet them; indeed he loves his parents. We were this night to sup with Sir Charles and his Lady, a pleasure we do not often enjoy, as we go to bed early: they retired to settle some business, and we were left alone together while the cloth was laying. Emilia was just going to play us a tune, when we heard some china fall.

EDWARD.

Ha! there its broke; what clumsy asses those are.

CHARLES.

But, Edward, do not find fault so hastily; you do not know yet what it is, nor how it has happened. The name of asses suits not a man.

EDWARD.

I know it is in pieces; servants use things as if they cost nothing.

CHARLES.

I will go and see. I think the damage is not so great as you suppose.

EDWARD.

Now I will venture to lay you any wager, he will apologize for them.

EMILIA.

What then, he will do well; would not you be glad if you had done wrong that he should apologize for you? He has often taken your part.

EDWARD.

You shall see, he will befriend them; and come in as if nothing had happened.

EMILIA.

Charles never tells lies, though he is compassionate, and will not aggravate a fault.

EDWARD.

Here he comes. One would think from his face, that he had done the mischief himself. Well, Charles, what is it? Did I not guess right that it was broke to pieces?

CHARLES.

It was, indeed, one of the best china plates; but why are you so angry? the loss is not irreparable.

EDWARD.

If I was Lady Grandison, I would make them pay for it; it would teach them to be more careful another time.

C H A R L E S.

That would be hard for a servant, who ought to gain by his service. But, Edward, have you never had any accident—and are you sure you will always be careful?

E M I L I A.

Yes. If it was but pouring boiling water over a person; that is much worse.

E D W A R D.

Why do you trouble yourself about it? And Charles, if you were a master, would you let your servants break and destroy with impunity?

C H A R L E S.

I do not believe there are any servants who break things on purpose. It is always by accident, and an accident should be excused.

E D W A R D.

It is pure good-nature certainly. A careless servant will then with you never do wrong. But my aunt, I think, ought to know what is broken.

C H A R L E S.

I intend to tell her; and to ask her to forgive the person who did it through thoughtlessness.

E D W A R D.

And the person was one of the servants, who was it?

CHARLES.

Suppose I should say you have done the mischief yourself?

EDWARD.

I—That is truly a fine story.

CHARLES.

Did you not take a plate off the side-board to carry your dog some meat on : and did you not leave it near the hall door on a chair?

EDWARD.

Yes. But what of that?

CHARLES.

The servant in the dark threw it down.

EDWARD.

And could I help that? How came he to go in the dark?

EMILIA.

That we all do very often. You are to blame, the plate was set in an improper place; the servant could not imagine that it stood there.

EDWARD.

You are always prating, Miss.—But, Charles, my aunt need not hear of it, she will not miss a plate.

CHARLES.

Edward!—ah Edward! you were in a hurry to inform her when you imagined the blame

would fall on another; but you are less eager now you must bear the reproof yourself. Let this teach you not to be severe on others, as this accident must convince you, that you are not faultless. It is our own faults which make us so ready to mark the errors our fellow-creatures run into.

The supper came in, and during the repast, Charles mentioned the accident; and a slight caution from Lady Grandison concluded the conversation.

WILLIAM.

LETTER XXXII.

WILLIAM *to his* MOTHER.

CHARLES has played Emilia and me a fine trick this morning, dear mother. Dr. Bartlett generally rises with the sun to take a walk before breakfast; Charles, who was this morning just awake, heard him. He rose softly out of bed, hurried on his clothes, and ran down to ask him, in both our names, if we might go with him; to which he consented. It was hardly light. Charles knocked at his sister's chamber door. Emilia, Emilia! are you still asleep, you little think it is almost ten o'clock. Oh! cried Emilia, what shall I do? I am afraid my mama will be angry with me. Come dress yourself quickly, said Charles, I will speak a good word for you. Emilia was quickly dressed; she was ashamed of being so lazy.

In the mean while he came to me, and told me the same story. Eleven o'clock—is it possible? But why did you not call me when you got up? And how comes it to be so dark? Does it rain? That signifies nothing, he replied, it will soon clear up. Come, make haste, I want to go to Dr. Bartlett. Well, you would have laughed to have seen our astonishment, when Emilia and I found it was but five o'clock. And we were very glad we had a pleasant walk, and the following conversation.

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CHARLES.

See there, our John and his son, already busy at their work.

DR. BARTLETT.

They rise with the sun, and begin their daily labour.

CHARLES.

Those people are certainly very laborious, and labour for little profit. I pity them, their situation is hard.

DR. BARTLETT.

Why, that little profit is sufficient to purchase content, if they are not vicious.

EMILIA.

But it is tiresome to be obliged to work from morning till night. All good men ought to be rich, I think.

DR. BARTLETT.

It would quite alter the nature of things. The strong and the weak must then dig their own ground; and the ingenious would want a spur to assist the stupid. We must all make our own clothes; manufactures and arts would be no more—industry would languish, and life not only lose its principal charms, but cease to be a probationary state, a field to exercise virtue in, and exert benevolence.

WILLIAM.

That is true, Sir.—But may I ask you something? Does it not look as if God, who has appointed men to work, had less love for them than the rich?

DR. BARTLETT.

Certainly not. God has an equal love for all, William, that are virtuous. A labourer in his low station, and in his poor cottage, is often happier than those who are exalted to high offices, and reside in noble palaces.

EMILIA.

The rich have servants to wait on them, while the poor labourer must continually work for his bread.

DR. BARTLETT.

They who serve themselves, are best served, my love, and labour is healthful.

EMILIA.

What a slender table is provided for the poor man—and how hard is his bed!

DR. BARTLETT.

It is so—and notwithstanding this, the poor eat their slender meal with a better relish, than the great have for the rarest delicacies of their tables. And they sleep sounder on their flock-beds than the rich on beds of down. Happiness

consists in being satisfied—that is the greatest riches on earth.

EMILIA.

You make me easy, Sir. I understand it—God loves those men, and cares for them as well as the rich.

DR. BARTLETT.

Yes. God is the Father of the poorest wretch who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow ; and he may call the greatest monarch brother : there is no difference, except what arises from degrees of goodness.

EMILIA.

What fine cows.—They are very good to suffer themselves to be milked.

DR. BARTLETT.

You are mistaken, it is not goodness in those creatures ; it is to the wise order of God that all the praise belongs. The milk would be burdensome to them, if we let them hold it, and for this reason they generally come, at the usual hour, to the place where they are milked.

WILLIAM.

It is certainly very happy for men, that there are cows, for milk is a great dainty.

DR. BARTLETT.

It is not only a dainty, but a useful necessary provision ; without milk we should have neither butter nor cheese.

EMILIA.

And the sheep—I love the sheep they are so gentle.

CHARLES.

And they are of great value. Their wool serves to clothe us—where should we find warm covering for our beds if there were no sheep?

WILLIAM.

What a good God we have!

EMILIA.

We ought to love him, because he has created all these creatures for us;—but I know not why we kill them, and then eat them up; it seems cruel.

DR. BARTLETT.

By no means. They were designed for us, for our food; if we were to let all the sheep live, they would soon grow so numerous they would die for want of pasturage.

EMILIA.

Then men do right, when they kill them?

DR. BARTLETT.

It is necessary; and they do not foresee, or taste the bitterness of death, if they are killed instantly.—Cruel, indeed, are those, who torment them—they sin against their own souls—and they will be judged without mercy who

have not shewn any. He who is guilty of a cruel action has sapped the foundation of content ; and the monster, no longer humane, enjoys not human comforts. Nor is he thoughtless, like the beasts of prey ; conscience haunts him—he cannot hide himself, nor find darkness thick enough to conceal his crimes.

We now returned home, and found Sir Charles and his Lady already in the breakfast parlour. We mentioned the trick Charles had played us, they both laughed ; but Sir Charles turned to him, I mean not gravely to reprove you, my son, only to point out to you, that truth is so sacred a thing it ought not to be jested with ; lest a reverence for it should imperceptibly wear away, and leave the mind, stripped of its most beautiful ornament, to deck itself in gaudy rags.

Farewel, dear mother, I will try to remember all these useful lessons ; and to strengthen my good resolutions by your advice, write often to your

W I L L I A M.

LETTER XXXIII.

WILLIAM *to his* MOTHER.

I MUST tell you of another walk which we had yesterday noon. The summer will soon be over, we take our pleasure while the weather is fine; and Dr. Bartlett says, we never can choose a more innocent diversion than a walk. It was very warm, and to avoid the heat of the sun darting directly over our heads, our friend conducted us to a wood, which is not far from the house. Emilia remained at home with her mother, who was a little indisposed; Emilia always cheerfully attends to her duty. But I will communicate the subjects we talked about.

CHARLES.

How agreeable is the shade of the trees!

DR. BARTLETT.

True, Charles. The woods appear designed for our delight; we find here a refreshing breeze in the heat of the day; and can think and talk, not exhausted by the relaxing noon-tide beams. A stream, whose very sound is cooling, renders the scene more tranquil; and the numerous songs, which are poured forth from every spray, does not interrupt it; all is peaceful. Do not overlook the variety

of plants, which present themselves to our view.

C H A R L E S.

And are all these plants of use, Sir?

D R. B A R T L E T T.

We cannot always trace the wisdom or the goodness of God; but, though invisible, still it exists every where, and is ever active—gives harmony to the birds, and healing powers to the plants which decorate the earth.

C H A R L E S.

So then, we cannot go one step but we find the goodness of God. Do the woods and forests rise of themselves?

D R. B A R T L E T T.

No. Nothing arises of itself, but from seed. How the first seed was sown, we know not; now it happens by chance, accidents which escape our notice, or birds carry them from one place to another.—God worketh here as in secret, and beauties are unexpectedly spread around, and surprise the contemplative walker.

C H A R L E S.

Men, then, have all the pleasure which the woods afford, without much trouble.

D R. B A R T L E T T.

But the advantage is even greater than the pleasure. Where should we go if there was

no wood? We could not cross the sea to visit distant lands—we must remain on the spot where first we drew breath, without a house or any useful furniture: and, in many countries, without fuel to soften the rigors of the wintry season.

CHARLES.

But as we are every year, nay every day, destroying the wood, what will be left for our posterity?

DR. BARTLETT.

You need not be afraid of that, my dear Charles, the world has now continued for near six thousand years.—What wood we annually consume, is again annually supplied by shoots; and thus the face of nature is renewed—God takes care!

Charles thanked Dr. Bartlett for his instructions, and we returned—and how happy am I, dear mother, that I can partake in these instructions.

Charles has just been with me to shew me a canary-bird which he has bought, he intends to tame it.—But I must not forget to tell you, to-morrow is Charles's birth-day. Edward thinks we shall have some dainties; but Emilia says, she is sure her brother will not spend his father's present in such a way;—and I agree with her, and imagine he will lay out his money in books, rather than dainties, which he seldom seeks for.

WILLIAM.

LETTER XXXIV.

WILLIAM *to his* MOTHER.

YOU will wonder, my dear mother, at Charles; he did not buy books with the money—but you shall hear all about it. His father came into his room before he had finished his prayers, I was in the next room; I had said mine, and waited for him to go with him to Dr. Bartlett. He rose hastily when his father entered, who laid a paper on the table, and desired him to conclude the sacred duty he was employed in, before he paid any respect to his earthly father;—and saying so, he left the chamber.

When Charles joined me he opened the paper, and found four guineas—he paused a moment.—William, said he, I wish to have your opinion, we have in our neighbourhood but few young people, we must have a dance, we all love dancing, and we may be merry, without spending money in sweetmeats and unnecessary dainties. Well then, said Charles, I will gratify my own inclination: and immediately we joined the breakfast table. When we were alone with Sir Charles, my friend addressed him, May I, Sir, do what I please with the money you have given me?

SIR CHARLES.

Yes, certainly, I gave it you.

CHARLES.

Then I know who shall celebrate my birthday, if you approve of it—and I shall be quite happy if you consent.

SIR CHARLES.

Well, who?

CHARLES.

I have more money than I want, I will invite a few acquaintance not to disappoint my sister and Edward, and indeed I do not wish to make a show of self-denial, or to let all my acquaintance know that I give my money to the poor. One guinea will be sufficient for the treat, and the other three I will give to two poor families, to buy cloathing for their children. How happy will these poor people be! all those I shall invite have abundance, I do not desire they should admire my treat and call me generous, when I should only be vain.

SIR CHARLES.

Can you suppose, my dear Charles, that I should disapprove of your intention? You begin the year very well, and may expect the happiness which flows from benevolence: it is an omen and a foretaste.

Charles then modestly thanked his father, and I went with him to distribute the money; afterwards we danced with a light heart, indeed we had a pleasant evening.—While we were dancing, as Sir Charles passed by his son, he whispered him, Pleasure is sweet when we do not sacrifice our duty to purchase it. And as he repeated his blessing, when Charles wished him a good night, he added, You have been happy, my son, because you first thought of making others rejoice.—I shall not forget this lesson, for I felt its force. I am sleepy, and yet I must tell you, that while the company were refreshing themselves, Charles and I slipped away, and hastened to the barn, and found the invited poor regaling merrily; I cannot describe the pleasure that was pictured on every countenance, but it has left a pleasing impression on my mind. The people were so delighted with their good cheer, they did not sufficiently attend to a poor blind man. Charles observed this neglect; Father, said he, let me assist you, and he cut his meat for him.

I find the treat was more acceptable to the poor than the rich—I will ever try to recollect, that it is more delightful to give pleasure, than excite admiration.

WILLIAM.

L E T T E R X X X V .

WILLIAM *to his* MOTHER.

WE rode out yesterday, and had not the pleasure we expected. When we left home the weather was fine; but the sky soon began to lower, and the rain fell in large drops; we were obliged to gallop to a little farm house, and wait there till the storm was over. Edward was grumbling all the way, and Emilia was low spirited, and I own I was disappointed; Charles looked so for a moment, but soon recollected himself.

E D W A R D .

This is dreadful.—What a pity it is—the rain will prevent our enjoying any pleasure.

C H A R L E S .

No; we can drink tea here, and return home when it clears up.

E M I L I A .

That is not so pleasant. I wish it was fair now—I want to have a ride.

C H A R L E S .

You wish it was dry weather to pursue your ride to please yourself: and our neighbour,

the farmer, wished this morning for rain, because the plants and grass are almost withered by the drought. Whose wish is most rational?

WILLIAM.

The farmer's, I think.

CHARLES.

Every day there are some parties of pleasure, and could the selfish wish for fair weather prevail, our fields would soon lose their verdure, and the corn cease to swell, till it becomes a laughing image of plenty. The fruits would drop dry on the ground, and the flowers no longer perfume the air. You will see how green every thing will look, and how sweet they will smell as we return home.

EMILIA.

I will never impatiently complain of the rain again.

EDWARD.

And I still continue to wish it had not rained till night.

CHARLES.

They who have to travel to-night, would wish to put it off till to-morrow. Whose wish is to be gratified?

EMILIA.

Charles is right. We are in God's sight, no more than other men.

WILLIAM,

It is impossible to know what to wish for at all times.

CHARLES.

Believe me, Dr. Bartlett has convinced me, we should be miserable, if God always gave us what we desire. And, dear sister, is our pleasure for a day to be compared with the good that so many will experience from the rain?

EMILIA.

But the poor birds, I pity them.

CHARLES.

They will take shelter if it is troublesome to them. Besides, their feathers have a kind of oil in them, which hinders them from being wet.

As it did not seem likely to clear up, we seized the first moment, between the showers, and hastened home. Charles gave his sister his canary-bird, and she went to provide a cage for it. We diverted ourselves; but Edward was out of humour; complained of the weather, and tormented his poor dog.

WILLIAM,

L E T T E R X X X V I .

WILLIAM *to his* MOTHER.

I CANNOT forbear relating to you, my dear mother, what happened here last night. We had scarcely been in bed half an hour, before we heard a dreadful noise. What is that, said Charles? I do not know, answered I, but I am afraid somebody is breaking into the house. We listened, and the moment after heard Edward cry out. Charles jumped immediately out of bed, and I followed him; he caught up the poker and the candle, and lighted it at the lamp on the staircase. We almost flew to Edward's room, where the noise came from. Charles shewed not the least sign of fear; but I could not help trembling exceedingly. Coming into Edward's chamber we found him lying on the ground, and the table fallen topsy turvy, and all the books and things on the floor. What has happened? asked Charles. Heaven knows; but I am terribly frightened, replied Edward. We both eagerly enquired how he came on the ground, and why he had cried out so dreadfully?

E D W A R D .

You would probably have cried out too—I do not know how I got out of bed—this room is haunted.

CHARLES.

You frightened me at first; but now I must laugh. Poor William was almost frightened to death; I will go and look for a bottle of wine, it is proper you should both take a glass.

EDWARD.

Do not go alone!—call one of the servants.

CHARLES.

Let the servants sleep; I could not call them without disturbing my mother, and I would avoid doing that, as there is not any real cause for fear.

WILLIAM.

And dare you go alone?

CHARLES.

Why not, my friend, I am sure there are no thieves in the house.

EDWARD.

I have as much courage as he—yet, William, I would not go down. Hush! pray listen—do you hear any thing? Here comes Charles—what have you seen? Surely, you must have met something.

CHARLES.

Yes; I have seen the stairs, the dining-room, and this bottle and glass. Come on, let us drink each a glass, and it will give us courage to wait for the apparition.

EDWARD.

I beg you will not make game of it.

CHARLES.

And why not?—It is only at apparitions I laugh.

WILLIAM.

Why, do you believe that there are no apparitions?

CHARLES.

Indeed I do not give credit to the stories I have been told lately; my father would never allow such subjects to be mentioned when I was a child. But, Edward, tell me now what made you so suddenly get out of bed?

EDWARD.

An apparition, I tell you, Charles.

CHARLES.

Perhaps you were dreaming?

EDWARD.

A likely story truly—I think I know when I am awake.

CHARLES.

And what did you see then?

EDWARD.

I had just put out my candle, and before I could fall asleep, I plainly heard something run across the chamber. I then started up in bed and saw in the farther corner two lights, they

moved about, and sometimes appeared very small and then glared like large balls.

CHARLES.

That was certainly no more than a glittering in your eyes.

EDWARD.

What?—What I saw so clearly?—I then kept myself quite still—the light vanished, and I heard a great bounce against the door.

WILLIAM.

I should have been frightened, I am sure.

EDWARD.

I was so terrified I could not call for a light, I sunk into the bed and covered my head; but I had not remained many moments, scarcely daring to breathe, when I heard a light foot-step coming towards the side of my bed next the wall;—I ventured to peep—and saw, indeed I did, a great white apparition, which grew bigger and bigger as it approached:—I know not what I did—I jumped out of the other side of the bed, knocked down the table, and screamed out.—But hush, I hear a noise.

CHARLES.

I will lay a wager it is a rat that has hid itself.

EDWARD.

A rat is not white.

CHARLES.

Let us search, something it must be; a spirit cannot make a noise.

Charles then looked in every corner of the room, behind the clothes-press, and the bureau. He then called out, there is the apparition, Edward, I have found it at last. And what was it, do you think? A great white cat which generally lives in the stable. We all laughed, in particular Edward; but, said he, I cannot imagine how the cat could make such a noise, and look so big.

CHARLES.

Your fear magnified it; when we are terrified, we seldom see things as they really are. The lights, which were the cat's eyes, so dazzled yours, you imagined them to be balls of fire.

We then went to bed and slept very sound till the morning.

We related the whole affair when we were at breakfast, and after Sir Charles had commended his son, he added, This may teach you all not to be terrified, but to enquire into things; and believe me, many causes, which at first appeared very alarming, will vanish, or only resemble the white cat. While God, the great Spirit, takes care of us, can phantoms harm us? He will support all those who trust in him—fear him—and you may banish every other fear. You may be certain, all the stories you have heard, took their rise from terror; a timid disturbed imagination created the spectre, or swelled some slight reality into one: none had the courage to search for the truth, or it eluded the search.

I shall never forget this incident, dear mother ; I recollect what Charles said, a spirit cannot make a noise. The stories I have been told in Holland, I now think foolish ; the tall woman, who walked in the grove at night, and the white monster, almost as high as the steeple, and many others of the same kind, I am sure would be found, on enquiry, to resemble the tale of the white cat, which Edward would have told, if Charles had not dragged the supposed spirit from its hiding place.

W I L L I A M.

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## L E T T E R    XXXVII.

WILLIAM *to his* MOTHER.

YESTERDAY, after we had finished our exercises, Charles asked me to take a walk in the garden, and, seeing Dr. Bartlett, we hastened to join him ; for indeed we both like to hear him talk, and try to profit by his instructions, which are delivered in such a familiar manner, I forget that I am but a boy when he calls me his friend. We found him with a book in his hand.

C H A R L E S.

You are reading, Sir, we will not disturb you.

D R.   B A R T L E T T.

When I have finished the passage I am reading, I shall be glad of your company.

We waited silent a few moments, and then Dr. Bartlett put his book into his pocket, and we entered into conversation.

CHARLES.

Look, Sir, what insects are those which fly in such multitudes about the fish-pond ?

DR. BARTLETT.

They are ants.

WILLIAM.

Have ants wings ?

DR. BARTLETT.

Yes, they obtain wings for some time during this season of the year. And what appears the most wonderful, is, that they are thus winged in a very few moments.

CHARLES.

It is a pity that these insects are so destructive to the productions of the earth, I like them so well for their diligence.

DR. BARTLETT.

When they are together, they are as one family. They build themselves a city, which is divided into several streets. They have each of them separate employments ; one digs a hole in the earth, another sweeps the earth away, and a third brings grass or stubble to make the hole warm and dry, that they may preserve their eggs and their young from the cold and damp. Their labour to provide themselves food is won-

derful: they are so industrious they will go to a great distance for it, and returning, always keep in a direct road, seldom mistaking it, though far from their own habitation. They take great care not to run in each other's way; and are so very sagacious, that when they are obliged to carry any thing very heavy, from an eminence, they let it fall with deliberation, and take it up again when they arrive at the bottom.

CHARLES.

But, Sir, I have often seen that they are continually moving their young and their eggs.—Why do they disturb them so frequently?

DR. BARTLETT.

They do this, when they find it either damp or cold; for they take uncommon care of their little ones. After rain they bring their eggs into the open air to let them dry, lest the young, which are in them, should perish; and if the rain is very heavy they remove the earth with their feet, and cover them.

WILLIAM.

Poor creatures!—We give them thoughtlessly, much unnecessary trouble.

CHARLES.

They are very injurious, and their use is not apparent;—why then did God create them? I should think there must be some hidden reason, which we cannot dive into, or even get a glance to direct our search.

DR. BARTLETT.

You do well to reason in this manner. Who can pretend to fathom the secrets of the Most High, or circumscribe his ways? All that is necessary to direct our search after virtue, is found by those, who seek for it, as for hid treasure: questions, that mere wanton curiosity dictates, are left doubtful, or discovered by chance. The knowledge of them is not essential to our earthly comfort; though modest enquiries into the operations of nature, will ennoble our minds, and raise us above grovelling pursuits. We must first labour for the one thing needful:—if we are good here, we shall be wiser hereafter.

CHARLES.

I will try to remember what you have said, Sir.

DR. BARTLETT.

But speaking of the ants brings to my remembrance some other creatures, that are still more skilful, I mean the beavers. How would you both be astonished, could I show you the habitations these wonderful creatures make! No experienced builder could form them better. They first choose a very healthful situation, and where there is plenty of provision, near a fresh stream of water; and then raise an eminence with great labour and dispatch. For this purpose they dig out the earth and clay with their fore feet, and carry their burdens on their tails (which nature has made a little hollow like a shovel) to the



place they have chosen for their abode. With their teeth they cut with great expedition through trees as thick as my arm; and these piles they work into the ground to form a firm foundation. They then begin to build a house, which consists of three stories, one above another; the walls are perpendicular, and more than a foot thick. It is within very neat, of a round form, and has an arched roof. The size in proportion to the number of the family that is to reside in it: for example, they allow fourteen or fifteen feet for twelve beavers. What think you of such creatures?

CHARLES.

I am astonished, Sir; I wish I could once see these architects. In what country are they to be found?

DR. BARTLETT.

They are to be found in Germany, and in Poland, along the rivers; but chiefly in Canada.

WILLIAM.

May I ask what sort of creatures these are?

DR. BARTLETT.

They are amphibious; so we name those creatures which can live either on land or in the water. The head is larger than a rat's; their fore feet are short, and with these they hold fast their food; their hind feet are long, and with a web betwixt the claws, like the ducks; and their tails are flat and finny, and af-

sist them to swim with more ease than they could do, if they only used their feet for that purpose.

CHARLES.

But with what materials do they build the thick walls of their houses?

DR. BARTLETT.

They mix and knead together, with their fore feet, clay, earth and water; and their tails serve first as a mortar-tray to carry it, and then as a trowel to plaister it on in a proper manner.

CHARLES.

It is wonderful! But can these skilful creatures work without the least reflection?

DR. BARTLETT.

They have not thinking powers, of course they cannot deliberate about it. God has created them with a certain ability or instinct to direct them infallibly. Man is a superior animal, he only in this world is endued with the noble power of reflection.

CHARLES.

This preference demands our gratitude.

DR. BARTLETT.

Certainly, my dear, demands our utmost diligence to cultivate the precious gift. We ought never to speak or act without reflection, and our whole conduct should be conformable to the wise designs of the Creator:—this is the

only way to make ourselves worthy of our dignity. The Doctor then left us.

I preserve in my mind all these good instructions, dear mother; never, no never, shall I forget them. And as God has made us capable of reasoning, if we abuse this goodness, and act without understanding, we are not above the senseless brutes.

WILLIAM.

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## LETTER XXXVIII.

WILLIAM to his MOTHER.

OH! my dear mother, poor Emilia had yesterday such a dreadful accident. I do pity her, I never before saw her cry so bitterly. Charles and I were amusing ourselves, working in our little garden; Emilia came running to us sobbing; but you shall hear all.

EMILIA.

My dear brother—I am so sorry.

CHARLES.

Tell me on what account? You astonish me; has any thing befallen my father or mother?

EMILIA.

No, no.—But I am afraid to tell you; it will vex you.

CHARLES.

Tell it me directly ; if I may know it.

EMILIA.

The cat has eat my sweet canary-bird. I did love it—you gave it me, it sung so charmingly, and was so tame.

CHARLES.

It is a pity, I acknowledge ; but you are not to grieve for the loss of a bird, as if you had lost a parent. You have lost a play-thing, not a friend ; it gave you pleasure, excited your tenderness, but without esteem affection soon dies : any new favourite will supply its place.

WILLIAM.

You took such care of it, how could it happen ?

EMILIA.

I had, as I often did, let the bird out of the cage to eat out of my hand. My mamma sent for me, I went to her for a moment, and in the mean time, the maid had let the cat slip into the chamber, who instantly seized and devoured my poor little creature. I shall never forgive myself for not putting it into its cage. And as to the careless maid, I hope my mother will soon part with her.

CHARLES.

She did not do it on purpose, I am sure ; and,

Emilia, your carelessness was more inexcusable because you loved the bird.

EMILIA.

Let us then look for the cat and beat her.

CHARLES.

And why? The cat cannot help it, it is its nature to catch birds and mice; you would correct her for following an instinct which renders her a useful domestic. If you had beat her the very moment after the accident, it might have restrained her in future; but by this time she has forgot it, and consequently it would be cruel. You cannot get your bird again by indulging a spirit of revenge; you must console yourself.

EMILIA.

I am almost inconsolable—I wish there were no cats in the world.

CHARLES.

That wish is wrong, sister. God knew best when he created them. We should find the rats and mice very troublesome and mischievous; but for the assistance of a cat, how should we preserve our grain?

EMILIA.

I shall never forget my sweet little bird.

CHARLES.

Not forget a creature without sense after all, there are more canary-birds.



EMILIA.

Not so tame.

CHARLES.

I will endeavour to get you another, which shall be just as tame.

EMILIA.

You are very good, brother; but that bird loved me, it would follow me about the room.

CHARLES.

It had no love for you, believe me; it was only not afraid of you: it followed you because you fed it.

EMILIA.

Had it died a natural death, I should soon have forgotten it; but such an unfortunate end vexes me.

CHARLES.

Another death might have been harder; the cat caught it instantly, and not through the wires of the cage.

EMILIA.

Think you so, then I am content, and forgive the cat.—She then left us.

WILLIAM.

## LETTER XXXIX.

*Mrs. D—— to WILLIAM.*

YOU are a comfort to me, my son, and Annette deserves my tender affection, she is so tractable and good. Your letters improve and please her; she requests me to read them twenty times over, that she may remember them. The tears were in her eyes when I read what you had written concerning the canary-bird. Poor Emilia, said she, how I do pity her. It gives me pleasure, replied I, that you participate in your friend's grief; it is a sign that you have a good heart, and deserve the sympathy of others: mutual affection is necessary, it softens affliction. Indeed I have experienced it, mamma, answered she, that is, I have never been so much vexed at any thing, when I saw somebody pitied me, as when they laughed at me.—And I love those people who have compassion, they look so good-natured.

But, William, I must give you a caution. The beginning of your letter was too alarming, it startled me; I thought at least that Emilia had been dreadfully hurt; if she had lost an eye or a limb it could not have shocked me more. You might have expressed your pity, as she was grieved, but not in such terms; what other words could you have used, had she lost her mother? Learn in future, when a thing of

the same kind occurs, to be more cautious how you write, and do not confound proper feelings; nor even the expressions, which should convey to others a notion of what passes in your mind.

I send you by this opportunity, some pocket-money, I wish I could afford to send you more, as you deserve it; for Lady Grandison informs me, that you are very careful, and try to make your clothes last long. In you this attention is a virtue, as you do it not only to spare your mother, whose circumstances are confined, but to have money to give to the poor. The economy and self-denial, which flows from such motives, is so laudable, that I hope the foolish sneers of thoughtless young people, will never make you think yourself mean-spirited, as they will call you: those only can be called mean, in the true sense of the word, who save to gratify their appetites. Write often, your conversations please me, and I mentioned before, that they improved Annette.

D.

## LETTER XL.

WILLIAM *to his* MOTHER.

I MUST give you another proof of the virtue and wisdom of my friend Charles. Yesterday, when we had done our lessons, for we never neglect them, we went to the wood, to take our pleasure, and found it very pleasant; but the thicknes of the trees prevented our seeing a heavy storm that was approaching, till a violent peal of thunder made us jump. Emilia is very much afraid of thunder.

EMILIA.

Brother, it thunders—what shall I do?

CHARLES.

Do not terrify yourself, there is no cause for fear; it is only the natural consequence of great heat, and the weather lately has been very warm. We will return home, it is right to leave the trees, they attract the lightning.

EMILIA.

I dare not stir—O if I was but in the house, in the cellar!

CHARLES.

And what would you do in the cellar, is it not God who directs the storm?

EMILIA.

Yes.

CHARLES.

Then he can preserve you every where ; here, in the house, or the cellar, it is all the same ; but still we are to exercise our reason while we trust in God : let us then leave the trees, they are dangerous.

EMILIA.

But who can tell that God will preserve me ?

CHARLES.

Does he not give you daily proofs of his favour ? You would be miserable if he did not guard you. Where would you be safe ? There is no need of a storm to destroy us, we are every moment in danger, if we lose his protection. A chimney, or only a tile may fall on us from a house :—there are a thousand things which we have reason to be afraid of, if we fear any. Dr. Bartlett says, he only fears offending God.

EDWARD.

You are a foolish girl, to be afraid of thunder. Come let us play and sing, then the noise will not reach us.

CHARLES.

No, we can play and sing, when the storm is over. It is not now the time when God lets us see such an astonishing token of his almighty Power—let us view the tempest with reverence.



EMILIA.

Oh, what a loud clap of thunder! May not that be a sign that God is angry with us?

CHARLES.

No surely. This stormy weather is a blessing; it is of use to purify the air: the heat of the summer would, without these concussions, occasion a great many contagious disorders. Emilia, be easy, God loves us, we every day receive proofs of it; let us trust in him, as we trust our parents;—we cannot doubt their love, and have we less reliance on our heavenly Father?

EMILIA.

Come, let us hasten into the house; my father said once, it was dangerous to look at the lightning.

CHARLES.

Except an extraordinary flash, it has much the same effect as when you look at the sun, the sight is immediately dimmed.

EDWARD.

Do not go home, how can you be so foolish?

CHARLES.

Though I do not fear the storm myself, I would not be so ill-natured as to oblige Emilia to stand trembling here. I would avoid, without despising her weakness. It is weak to be afraid, but impious to mock the storm.

We then hastened home ; and soon after the sky cleared up, and I quickly saw that the thunder had been of use ; the air was cool, and every herb and flower revived, the garden was more fragrant than usual.

I thank you, dear mother, for the money you have sent me. You say it is little, but I think it much. My thanks are due to you, for I am certain you scarcely allow yourself necessities, to enable me to appear properly in this family ; I feel your goodness, and will do my utmost to improve by the opportunity, and always remember the sacrifice my mother has made, and the affection she has ever shewn me. Dr. Bartlett frequently mentions this circumstance, when we are alone ; but my memory does not need refreshing—I love my mother, and long to tell her that I am her grateful and dutiful son.

W I L L I A M.

## L E T T E R   X L L.

WILLIAM *to his* MOTHER.

JUDGE of the good heart of Emilia ; an accident yesterday made it appear to advantage. She was in the parlour with Edward, playing on the harpsicord ; after she had finished the tune, she went to look for a china flower-pot

in a china-closet near the parlour. She found what she wanted; but still loitered, looking at the china; and one jar she would reach from a high shelf, though Edward cautioned her: the consequence was, it fell out of her hand, and was dashed to pieces. She trembled, well knowing it was a jar of great value.

EDWARD.

Mighty well, you would look at the china.

EMILIA.

Do not scold me, I am so sorry; rather give me your advice.

EDWARD.

I can give you no advice; if you fought every where you could not find such another jar to match the one which is left. Why did you touch it? you must always be meddling, you are so curious.

EMILIA.

I will never be curious again, I assure you. I know I have done wrong.

EDWARD.

Now hear me, do not cry; I will tell you what you may do. Nobody has heard it, we will take the pieces and put them together behind a dish; and to-morrow, all of a sudden, you may say you have heard something fall in the closet; then go and look, and Lady Grandison will think the cat threw it down, or some other accident made it fall.

EMILIA.

No, Edward,—that I will never do; it would be much worse than breaking it through idle curiosity.

EDWARD.

What will you do then? your mother will be displeased.

EMILIA.

I would sooner bear her displeasure a week, than tell such a falsehood. Hear me, I will go to her, confess my fault; and indeed I shall be more careful for the future.

She then ran trembling to her mother; but how was she astonished, when the good Lady spoke kindly to her. If you had broken all my china by accident, my child, I should not have chid you; your foolish curiosity was blameable; but your attention to truth has more than atoned for it: I find I can rely on your veracity. She kissed her mother's hand, and returned to tell us what had happened. Edward looked ashamed, and said, he would never advise such an artifice again, he should not like to deceive such a kind Lady, or lose her good opinion. Charles could not help saying, when we tell a lie we offer an affront to God. Dr. Bartlett often observes, he is ever present, and abhors a liar.

WILLIAM.

## LETTER XLII.

WILLIAM *to his* MOTHER.

OH! my dear mother, we are all here full of anxiety; Charles, who went very early this morning on horseback, with one of the servants, to pay Mr. Friendly a visit, and promised to return early, is not yet come home; and it is past nine o'clock. He was always punctual—some misfortune must have befallen him.—I do not know what to think, or fear. The night is very dark, and the weather stormy. Sir Charles has just sent off a servant to obtain some information:—how we all long for his return!

Eleven o'clock. The servant is come back; but no intelligence of Charles. He left Mr. Friendly's soon after dinner, about four o'clock. Dear mother, where can he be? Drowned, I fear:—perhaps—perhaps what? I am afraid even to write the strange thoughts and conjectures which come into my head—I never seemed so much alive before, my soul feels as if it would fly out of my body to search for Charles—dear Charles! Lady Grandison sits silent; Emilia does nothing but cry; and Edward runs through the house quite frantic: Sir Charles endeavours to comfort his Lady, and has need of comfort himself. He has sent



several servants different ways, and waits impatiently for day-break, when he intends going himself.—O that he would take me with him!

One o'clock, and no news of Charles. We are none of us in bed—and indeed who could sleep! My eyes feel as if they would never close again—I cannot cry.

Half after four. Thank Heaven—Charles is safe. The servant, who attended him, is just arrived. It was not his fault, that we had so much uneasiness; no pleasure—no company detained him.—But Sir Charles insists on it, that we go to bed for a few hours. I cannot sleep, though I must go to bed—I do not want sleep, Charles is safe. Why does my joy make me cry? I did not weep when I thought I should never, O never see him more.—Well, I must go to this same bed.—Good morning to you, Madam. I declare the birds are beginning to sing—how can I sleep?

WILLIAM.



## LETTER XLIII.

WILLIAM to his MOTHER.

Now you shall hear the servant's account—I long to tell you all about an affair, which is to clear my friend;—for a moment you must not think ill of him.

Charles set out from Mr. Friendly's soon after dinner, Harry, his man, of course attended him. The weather had been all day lowering; they quickened their pace; but such a thick mist arose gradually, they could scarcely see two yards before them. Charles, though he is very courageous, shewed some signs of fear, and they then rode slowly, observing every step, when they saw at some little distance, a man lying in the middle of the road. What is that? said Charles, holding in his horse. A man who has drank more than he ought, I suppose, answered Harry. Pray, Sir, ride a little quicker, it grows late. No, replied Charles, for if the man is drunk, we must endeavour to help him out of the highway, or he may be rode over in the dark. Saying so, he jumped off his horse: but how terrifying was the sight! —He saw an old officer lying weltering in his blood. He spoke to him; but received no answer. The gentleman is dead, cried Harry. No, no, interrupted Charles, he has only fainted through loss of blood. What shall we do? What can we do? replied Harry. Let us gallop on to the first village to procure assistance. What, and leave the man bleeding, said Charles, with warmth; he would die before we could even reach the village.—Do you not see how he bleeds? Tie our horses fast to that tree, and make haste to assist me, I must not let a man die without doing my best to save him. He then pulled off his clothes, and tore his shirt;

and finding that the wound was in the head, he wiped away the gore, and bound the linen round it; he did it several times before he could stop the effusion. After the operation, they lifted him cautiously, and laid him on the grass, near the road side. Good heavens, said Harry, it begins to be quite dark, and the mist is so thick, we shall never be able to find our way; and how uneasy they will all be at home. O that is true, said Charles; come, let us go.—And he advanced a step or two; but turning his eyes on the poor officer, they filled with tears, and he stood thinking half a moment—and then burst out.—No, I cannot, will not leave you in this condition; I do not occasion the uneasiness my parents will feel to gratify myself; I ought not to deliberate a moment: ride on directly to the next village, or to the first cottage you spy, and prevail on some man to return with you; and all together we may carry this poor man to a shelter, and procure farther help.

H A R R Y.

I dare not leave you here alone, your father would never forgive me.

C H A R L E S.

Heaven will preserve me; and as to the blame, I will take care it shall not fall on you. I tell you, if you will not go, I will go myself.

Harry did not wait to expostulate any more, but did as he was ordered; and fortunately soon

reached a little farm-house, which they might have seen from the road, had it been a clear night. He went in and told the case to the man who lived there, and begged him and his son immediately to go with him. The farmer at first seemed reluctant, he was tired, and just preparing to go to bed, after a hard day's work; but when Harry told him he should be well recompensed, he fetched a sort of hand-barrow, and laid a mattrafs on it, and followed to the place. Before they reached it, Charles had the satisfaction to see the officer open his eyes, and come gradually to himself; and looked wistfully at Charles, he said, falteringly, Who are you, young man, who thus alone, this dismal night, supports my wounded head? Did you bind this linen round my temples? I have been so happy, replied Charles, as to arrive in time to be of service to you; I had a servant with me, but I have sent him for further assistance, that you may be removed to some house. What reflection, what fortitude! faintly cried the weak man.—Do not exhaust yourself, Sir, interrupted Charles; I have only done my duty—indeed my heart bled for you, I could not have left you. Harry and the men that moment joined them; they all assisted, and laid the officer on the hand-barrow; but the fatigue was too much for him, and he fainted again through weakness. They walked very slow, and at length brought him into the cottage; and Charles sent the farmer for a surgeon. And

what is now your intention ? asked Harry. To stay here this night, replied Charles ; I cannot think of leaving this venerable old man with strangers, who do not seem the most humane people in the world. Do you hasten home, and tell them what has happened, and then I shall wait with comfort till to-morrow, and see myself that the poor man is properly attended—I will be his nurse. Harry was not willing to leave him ; but he spoke in such a positive tone of voice, Harry thought it vain to attempt to dissuade him ; so, much against his inclination, he rode away ; and would certainly have relieved us soon from all our anxiety, if the thick fog, and his vexation together, had not made him lose, or mistake the short by-road, which leads directly through the wood to the house ; he wandered about till the first peep of dawn, and then entered the parlour trembling. We had all our eyes and mouths open, ready to catch the news—and we began to ask so many questions in a breath, Sir Charles was obliged to command silence, that we might hear the account. He praised the servant, gave him a guinea, and desired him to go to bed for an hour or two, and then come to him, before he returned to his son, to whom he would send a message, and some money to enable him to pay the surgeon, and supply the wants of the invalid.

But how will the tender heart of my friend suffer, when he hears what we have endured.



Lady Grandison went to bed very ill; but, I hope, she is now better; I have not seen her this morning. I long to know if the poor officer is alive or dead.

W I L L I A M.

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## L E T T E R XLIV.

WILLIAM *to his* MOTHER.

WE have Charles here again, dear mother. O how rejoiced was I to see him! The old officer is better, and we are all happy.

We sat down cheerfully this morning to breakfast, and did not then expect to see him. Emilia saw him first, she flew from her chair; there is my dear brother Charles! cried she, and ran to meet him as quick as possible. They came into the house hand in hand; but Charles let his sister's hand go, as he entered the room, and ran to his father.—I will relate the conversation word for word.

C H A R L E S.

Can you forgive me, dear father, for having caused you so much uneasiness?

S I R C H A R L E S.

Let me embrace you—you are dearer to me than ever; our uneasiness was not your fault, you have done your duty to your fellow-creature

without forgetting your parents. How is the gentleman you have assisted?

C H A R L E S.

The officer is better, but still very weak.

L A D Y G R A N D I S O N.

But, my dear, is he alone in that cottage? Will they take proper care of him?

C H A R L E S.

I have not left him alone with them, his own son is now with him. As soon as the old gentleman recovered his recollection, he mentioned his place of abode, which was not very distant. I sent to inform his children of the accident; and his eldest son set off immediately, and soon arrived at the cottage. When I had committed him into the hands of his son, I was eager to return home to my parents.

S I R C H A R L E S.

You were right, your presence was not then necessary; but has the poor man means to provide himself with what is requisite in his weak state?

C H A R L E S.

Yes; I enquired, and find he is in very good circumstances. Did I do right, Sir? I only rewarded the farmer, and gave Harry a trifle: and now I will return the remainder of the money you sent me.

SIR CHARLES.

You may keep it, and distribute it as you please. I am now treating you like a friend—a man; I allow you to exercise, according to the dictates of your own heart, the noblest privilege of our nature, that of doing good: and do it often in secret, let the plaudit of your own heart be your only recompense.

LADY GRANDISON.

How did you pass the night? Did you sleep at all?

CHARLES.

Believe me, I thought little of myself, I had before me a dying old man—I could think of nothing else. I desired some clean straw to be laid, near the sick man's bed, but I made no use of it. My uneasiness on your account, and my painful anxiety for the officer, banished sleep from my eyes.

EMILIA.

Poor Charles, to be obliged to sleep on straw.

CHARLES

I should have slept on that as well as in my bed, if my heart had been at ease.

SIR CHARLES.

Charles is right; it is peace of mind and health of body which procures that refreshing sleep so necessary to recruit our exhausted powers. The softest bed will not afford rest to a troubled mind, or a disordered body.

EDWARD.

Who knows, when I am in the army, how many nights I may be obliged to sleep on the ground, without even the straw Emilia despises.

SIR CHARLES.

That may happen; and before young people make choice of a profession, they should arm themselves against the inconveniences, which consequently attend it: always remembering, that every state of life has its pains and pleasures. Every station is eligible, and will afford us heart-felt joy, if we fill it conscientiously: it is about our conduct, not our situation, that we should bestow most thought; and be more anxious to avoid evil than pain.

EDWARD.

I dare say, the king himself has his cares and sorrows as well as the meanest of his subjects.

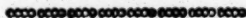
SIR CHARLES.

Certainly. He is a man, none are exempt; God is no respecter of persons; they please him, who do good, and attend to truth: it matters not whether it be in a palace, or a mud hovel.

When we were alone, Charles said, I knew my father would not be displeased with me; yet if it had been possible, I wished not only to have spared him the anxiety my absence occasioned,

but to have asked his advice. I followed the impulse of my heart—yet I do it with more pleasure, when his sanction assures me my feelings do not lead my reason astray.

WILLIAM.



## LETTER XLV.

WILLIAM *to his* MOTHER.

I HAVE another proof to give you, my honoured mother, of the goodness of heart Charles continually exhibits. A gentleman, who visits very frequently this family, made him a present of a beautiful spaniel; young Falkland, our neighbour, had often asked for it; but the gentleman refused to give him it, because he treats his own dogs cruelly. You must know, Falkland has already five dogs, besides cats, pigeons, and a parrot. These afford him his chief employment; not to make them happy, but to please himself. Though he has so many, he was very much vexed that he could not get this dog. And what do you think happened? The dog died suddenly, and we have by chance discovered that Falkland made one of his servants poison the poor animal.—What monsters there are in the world! Yes, he must be a monster, I think, who deprives another of a pleasure when he receives no



benefit from it himself. But the following conversation, when we were walking in the garden, soon after the discovery, will let you see how Charles behaves, even when he is angry.

WILLIAM.

I cannot help grieving about the poor dog.

CHARLES.

I acknowledge I am very sorry; I did not think that the loss of a dog would have affected me in such a manner;—but it was a very faithful one—and then the horrid agonies it endured—I cannot forget its groans.

EDWARD.

It was a villainous action of Falkland to destroy that poor beast in such a manner.—If it had happened to me, I could never forgive him.

CHARLES.

I can.—If I could not forgive him, I should be as wicked as himself.

EDWARD.

You are too good. I, for my part, hate him.

CHARLES.

I do not hate him, but I despise his vices;—and I pity him, for it is much to be feared he will become a bad man; an envious cruel heart seldom reforms itself, Dr. Bartlett says.

EDWARD.

Yesterday you called that treacherous fellow friend;—you see you are sometimes mistaken.

CHARLES.

I am apt to be mistaken in this particular; it is so pleasant to love and think well of people.

EDWARD.

But will you any longer keep up the acquaintance?

CHARLES.

No, certainly, without my father desires it; I should with difficulty conceal my dislike—it was such a mean action.

EDWARD.

Bravo! Now you speak to my mind; and, if you like it, I will give him a good drubbing.—Say yes, and I will make his bones ache.

CHARLES.

That would not give me back my poor dog.

EDWARD.

I will tell you what—he has five dogs, let us poison some of them; that he deserves at least.

CHARLES.

But those poor dogs—what have they done?

EDWARD.

I am curious to know, what my uncle will say of this pretty trick; he has always spoken slightly of young Falkland.

CHARLES.

That is a sign he could penetrate into his

mind, and saw his bad temper. I will, in future, pay more attention to his advice, and observations on characters. But now I think of it, Edward, we will not tell my father that Falkland poisoned my dog. Let us try to make him feel ashamed, by shewing him we despise revenge—I should like to mortify him this way.

WILLIAM.

You are very generous.

CHARLES.

Let us talk of something else—my dog is dead, I will try to make myself easy—I wish I could forget the torments it endured.—It is a very fine evening.

EDWARD.

Look, look! What do I see yonder in that tree?

WILLIAM.

It is a parrot.

EDWARD.

How fortunate!—It is Falkland's parrot; it has flown away from him, and perched itself there: it looks frightened. How vexed he will be—he should not have that creature again for ten guineas.

CHARLES.

How the poor creature trembles.—I can climb softly up the tree and catch it;—do not make a noise.

E D W A R D.

And so you will send it to Falkland again, to please him.

C H A R L E S.

No, for something else.

E D W A R D.

He has killed your dog, and you will allow his favourite parrot to live when it is in your power. I think it mean-spirited.—Can you have a better opportunity to revenge yourself on that rascal?

C H A R L E S.

Yes, I can take a more noble revenge; by returning good for evil, I shall let him see how much I am his superior: and that will highly gratify me.

Immediately Charles mounted the tree, and caught the bird, whose feet were entangled in the branches. He then sent it by a servant to Falkland—and returned to us with a smiling face; I hardly ever saw so much satisfaction in his countenance: and when Edward still continued to laugh at him, he replied, I felt pleasure in returning good for evil, my pride impelled me to act thus, as well as a sense of duty; I do not pretend to any great merit in conquering one feeling to gratify another, but I should have been inexcusable if I had tormented an innocent helpless bird, merely to vex a being I despise.

Nay, my anger would have been mean and selfish; I should only resent the loss of my dog, and not feel indignation on account of the vices this loss has forced me to discover in a character I was partial to. I shall forget my dog, long before I shall be able to drive from my remembrance a cruel action done by a fellow-creature. Charles looked teased, and Edward ceased to blame him,—and I tried to amuse him.

WILLIAM.

## LETTER XLVI.

WILLIAM to his MOTHER.

WE had yesterday a whole day of pleasure, gathering the winter fruits. The gardener and his son climbed into the high trees, and plucked the apples and pears from the heavy laden branches; and we held the basket to save them from being bruised, for those that fall to the ground will not keep. Some country girls had been observing our employment; and one of them spoke to Harry, eagerly looking at the apples.

CHARLES.

What does that girl want?

HARRY.

She desires me to ask you for some apples for



a sick mother; and I know the poor woman has been a long time ill.

C H A R L E S.

For a sick mother?—She is a good child, go give her as many as she can carry; let her have some for herself as well as her mother.

H A R R Y.

Shall I give her some of these small ones, which are not of a very good kind?

C. H A R L E S.

How—would you give the sick what is not good? No, she shall have some of them I gathered just now; they grew on my own tree, and the branches were bent down with the weight of the fruit. My tree never bore so much before; let me give part of my abundance to those who have none.

E D W A R D.

I do not blame you, Charles; but those common people are always asking for something.

C. H A R L E S.

If they did not ask they would seldom get any thing. Dear Edward, we ask daily of God; permit then at least that those industrious people ask of us, who are made of the same materials, and in whose veins the same blood flows. It is as much our duty to spare part of our superfluities to relieve their accidental distress; as it is theirs to work to supply their daily wants.

## EMILIA.

And we should not, in any degree, merit the abundance we enjoy, if we refused to give a part of it to the poor. I will tell my mother, and I am sure she will send more than a basket of apples to the sick woman, and the good daughter who takes care of her.

When we returned, Sir Charles, after looking at the fruit, said, How wise and good is God, who thus provides for our comfort and pleasure. The fruits of the earth, which ought only to be ate in warm weather, perish as the winter comes on; but these wholesome dainties may be preserved to cheer us when the earth ceases to bring forth, and the leaves die on the boughs. How many persons are daily eating the provisions, the different seasons afford, and forget to thank the Giver, forget to imitate him, by imparting part of the blessings which are so liberally bestowed.—You read the parable of the man, who, instead of opening his heart, when his stores increased, was for pulling down his barns and building more capacious ones; but that very night his soul was required to quit the body he had pampered. He who dwelleth in heaven laugheth to scorn the designs of the proud; and frustrates the plans of the foolish man, who tries to provide for years to come, when he is not certain, that he shall many hours be permitted to breathe the breath of life. They only enjoy life, who fear not death.

Just now Sir Charles has received a letter from Lady M——, requesting him to permit Charles to visit his uncle, Lord M——, who has been some time in a declining state of health. To-morrow my friend departs with Dr. Bartlett; I shall long for his return, every place will appear so dull when he is gone; but he has promised to write to me, and I will send you his letters, and take care of them, that I may read them again when I come home—for they then will be all I shall have of Charles—I hate these partings.—Farewell.

WILLIAM.

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LETTER XLVII.

CHARLES to WILLIAM.

WE have had a tedious journey, dear William. Foolish ignorant people would say it foreboded no good; but we have been better instructed, and have not been allowed to catch those weak prejudices, which, my tutor says, produce more than half the ills of life; and are a greater weight on the spirits, than the real unavoidable evils.

Well, now for a full and true account of all our disasters. When we came to the second stage, we could not get fresh horses, and those we had were scarcely able to drag the chaise. One lagged, and the other very unwillingly tried to get

into its old pace ; yet, though any human creature, I thought, would have pitied them, the postilion gave them lash after lash, till my patience was quite exhausted, and I remonstrated with him : indeed the strokes went to my heart ; and I felt as if I had rather have called the horse my brother, than the wretch who treated him with such barbarity, who, whistling, turned his unmoved face to me, while he smacked his whip. I soon perceived that the harness had galled one of the horses ; well might it winch, poor wretch ! — at last it tottered, and fell. The postilion again began to use his whip ; but we interposed ; I could not help asking him if he had any bowels ? He stared at me, and said, fine talking, it is only rust, it must be beat out of him. Ah ! my dear friend, of what use is a good education ? this man seemed so thoughtless, as not even to know he was cruel : my anger was turned into compassion.

We waited a short time, but we soon found the horses could not draw us to the next stage. There was no remedy or alternative, we must walk till we could meet with a house, or remain in the chaise till Harry could bring another. Dr. Bartlett determined to walk, though it was a very wet evening, and to leave Harry not only to take care of the luggage, but to prevent the postilion from exercising wanton cruelty on the fallen beast. We walked in the rain, along a very bad road ; but I should not have minded these trifling inconveniences, if Dr. Bartlett had

not been exposed to them—it was far better than hearing the lashes resound on the horse's side ; and seeing the look of patient anguish, which the poor animal cast on the driver—indeed I cannot forget it.

We hastened forward ; but the rain was so heavy, we were wet through before we reached a little farm on a common. 'This little abode, stolen from the waste, said my tutor, will afford us a shelter. A cheerful light, which darted through a window, no shutter guarded, seemed to invite us to house ourselves, and we knocked with our sticks against the door ; it was quickly opened, and a venerable old man, bending beneath the weight of years, desired us to enter, and in the chimney corner we saw an old woman, sitting near the blazing hearth, whose light had attracted us ; and a girl was preparing some cabbages for their supper. We mentioned our accident to account for our intrusion, and while we were speaking, the old woman stirred the fire and desired us to approach and dry ourselves. We did so.—What a refreshment ! Never, no never did I find the fire so comfortable as at that moment. What a blessing it is, thought I, that there is so much fuel—and what must those suffer, who, wet and numbed, cannot procure a fire to dry their rags, or warm their shivering limbs ; I now feel for them more than ever. I looked at the inside of the cottage with some attention ; what a difference there is between it and our elegant house, thought I, and yet the



old couple seem to be bent by years, not care. The rich have luxury and listlessness, the poor labour and repose, whispered the Doctor, when I mentioned to him the doubts which were struggling in my mind; God is still the Father of us all, and provides for all his numerous family.

Gentlemen, said the old man, though I cannot give you much good cheer, you are welcome to what I have. My daughter will fry some bacon and eggs, to help out the cabbage, and I believe I can find a bottle of strong beer.—What say you, Dame, is there not one saved for Christmas? We must bring it out of its hiding place for the gentlemen; for after being wet they will want something to comfort their hearts. And our bed too is at your service. Dr. Bartlett refused the bed, because he would not put them to any inconvenience; but they insisted on it, and said, they could sleep in the loft, in their daughter's bed, who would not matter lying on the floor one night; and for matter of that, said the old man, I should not mind doing so one night myself.

Whilst the cloth was laying, and the girl was a long time placing two knives and forks and a broken saltcellar, we got into conversation, and the Doctor observing she did not put any more on the table, told his host, we must all sup together, and drink sociably the Christmas ale. If you desire it, master, replied he, it shall be done, for though you be pretty spoken gentlemen, I thought, mayhap, you might be too proud to

eat with poor folks ; no offence, I hope, if I speaks my mind :—Old John is fond of plain-dealing, when there is neither sin nor shame in it.—The old woman gave his sleeve a pull ; she thought she understood good-breeding, for she had been several times in 'Squire Anderson's kitchen, and madam's own woman had spoken to her. The supper stopped our mouths, and a friendly one it was, I never eat any thing with such an appetite—I believe the bacon and eggs were remarkably good. I did not want a variety of dishes to coax my palate, I assure you.

The ale made John talk, and tell us many droll stories, nor could dame stop him, though she trod on his toes, and winked significantly. The strong beer gave him courage to laugh at the good breeding she had acquired in the 'Squire's kitchen, and even to mimick the fine words Mrs. Betty, madam's own maid, used to bring out, when she condescended to speak to the vermin ; for she despised low life, and never demeaned herself. The old woman was half angry ; but yet, she was glad to let us hear how she had been honoured. And, conscious she knew better than her husband, hoped as how we would not be affronted, as John had an honest heart, and meant not to disparage any body, for all he was so fond of joking.

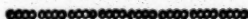
We then heard the chaise moving slowly ; we spoke to Harry, and desired him to bring us another next morning, and went to bed. The bed was hard, yet I slept so soundly Dr. Bart-

lett had some difficulty to wake me, when Harry arrived.

We took leave of John and his dame, and the latter made her best curtsy, though it was into the mud at the door of the hut, when Dr. Bartlett gave them a guinea, and I promised to send them a side of bacon, and a few bottles of strong beer, before Christmas.

I will write soon again. Farewel.

C H A R L E S .



## L E T T E R   XLVIII.

C H A R L E S   *to*   W I L L I A M .

I COULD not guess the reason why my uncle sent in such a hurry for me. Now you shall hear, and certainly I am very fortunate. The day after I arrived, he took hold of my hand, we were alone, and pressing it, he said, I have observed with pleasure your improvement, Charles; you are the worthy son of a good father, and I doubt not will render his latter days happy—he deserves it, for he has made mine comfortable, I blush not to tell you, by teaching me to conquer myself and practise virtue. You have from your infancy been taught more by example than precept, and have not any inveterate bad habits to combat with.

—Happy youth ! shew your gratitude to heaven for this inestimable blessing ; to you much has been given, and much indeed is required. He then presented me with a paper, and added, I now give you my estate in Hampshire, it is let out in small farms, and produces about one thousand pounds clear yearly rent ; my life draws nigh to a close, and I wished to give you myself this testimony of my esteem.

I do not know in what style I thanked my uncle, I was so surpris'd ; but I am sure I felt grateful, and he must have seen what I could not express.

The whole family congratulated me, and indeed paid me many compliments, which I think I do not merit. If I have spent my time in useful exercises, did not my father render those exercises pleasant ? And if I have endeavour'd to be good, I only followed an example I admir'd. Believe me, William, all this deserves no reward, I think I merely do my duty : and if I did not I should be unhappy. My pleasure in the pursuit of science is necessary to keep me from the listlessness of an idle life. Yes, should some one say, Charles Grandison does his duty, he is studious, he honours his parents, he loves his fellow-creatures : I should answer, I do not know how all this has happened, and why you wonder at it ; I must do so or lose the favour of God,—lose the esteem of my parents, whom I love so dearly ; and as to my fellow creatures, I cannot help loving them, and doing them

good; it is not only the employment, but the pleasure of my life.

Dr. Bartlett writes to my father; I doubt not but you will hear the letter read. We are to return through London; I cannot lengthen out my letter though I have much to say, as I must attend my uncle, he has just sent for me. I can only then assure you that I am yours affectionately,

C H A R L E S.

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## L E T T E R XLIX.

WILLIAM *to his* MOTHER.

MY friend Charles is returned, dear mother, with what joy was he received. The servants were all in the lobby to wish him health and long life to enjoy his estate; and the tenants gathered about the gate, and uttered their good wishes in a most audible roar. The next day many of the neighbouring families came to congratulate him. An old gardener, who has lived thirty or forty years in the family, and is allowed to cultivate a little farm in the pleasure-grounds, came this morning, just after some company had left us, leaning on his crutch. Charles received him not only with civility, but kindness; and the venerable grey-headed man's blessing brought tears into his eyes. See if he is



not going to weep, said Edward, as soon as the gardener's back was turned; would you not think, William, that he received more pleasure from that old man's visit, than all the rest of the visitors afforded him. You have just guessed it, replied Charles; his simple earnest prayers for my preservation seemed to come from his heart, and they went much nearer mine than all the fine compliments I before heard dropped with a cool tone of voice.

But I must not forget to tell you, that Charles, soon after his arrival, entreated his father to take the estate for some time into his own hands. I should be very unhappy, my dear parent, to be independant of you; receiving favours from you, is the greatest pleasure of my life—O do not deprive me of it! Sir Charles appeared affected, and said, I will manage it for you, my son, and we will together visit the different farms; you shall enquire into all the family concerns of your tenants, and become the protector and friend of those who, in some measure, are dependant on you. You will then be able to judge of their wants, and animate their industry.

We are soon to return to London: I shall not perhaps have an opportunity of writing again before we set off, but certainly will the day we reach town.

WILLIAM.

## L E T T E R L.

WILLIAM *to his* MOTHER.

LAST night, dear mother, we again entered this great city; I should have written as I promised, but I was too late for the post, and I have a long story to tell you.

Poor Harry broke his leg while we were on the road; a hack-horse threw him, as he was turning suddenly to open a gate. Charles ran to him, and supported him in the carriage till we arrived at a large town; soon after we reached it, Sir Charles, who was in another carriage with Lady Grandison, Emilia, and Edward, overtook us, and were instantly informed of the accident. A surgeon was immediately sent for, and the bone set; but his leg was shattered in such a dreadful manner, the surgeon apprehends he will always be a cripple. Sir Charles staid in the room while the operation was performed, to support Harry's spirits.

I forgot to mention, that Dr. Bartlett was not with us, he did not return to Grandison-Hall with Charles, he had some business of his own to settle in town. Charles and I had a hired chaise to ourselves, and we, with Harry to attend us, always rode first to provide a good fire for Lady Grandison, who has been for some time a little indisposed.

Sir Charles never travels with much state, Harry was the only servant we had with us. On his own account he did not care, he expected to sleep in his own house that night; but he did not like to leave a faithful servant, in his present weak state, entirely to the care of strangers. I will give you his own words, for they made an impression on me.

## SIR CHARLES.

Providence has placed men in different situations, to facilitate the main end of life, improvement in virtue; yet distress brings us all on a level again, we are then no longer master and servant, but men; worldly distinctions are forgot, and nature asserts her primitive equality. I would not neglect paying to the meanest of my fellow-creatures, the attention I might need from them, if I did, I should forfeit my own esteem. Was Lady Grandison well, I would stay this night to nurse Harry, and to-morrow send him one of his fellow-servants.—Charles eagerly caught his father's hand.

## CHARLES.

O, my dear father, do you go with my mother, and let me remain to represent you, let me nurse Harry. I should be happy to convince him, that I did not sit up with the old officer, because he was a gentleman, but because he was a man.

## SIR CHARLES.

This offer I expected from you, my son,

and do not want to be importuned to grant your request. William shall remain with you, and before to-morrow night, I will send Robert to take your place. With what delight do I perceive that your heart opens itself to those true pleasures which dignify and cultivate the mind. Your kindness to Harry will soften his bodily pain, and you will feel yourself in what exercises your chief happiness must consist.

Sir Charles soon after left us, and we went to sit in Harry's room; as he was fallen asleep, we each took a book, we would not converse lest we should disturb him. Charles had enquired of his mother, what kind of nourishment was the most proper for the invalid, and took care to order it to be ready, that he might have some refreshment when he awoke. We had some weak wine and water, and a crust of bread; and in the night the landlord brought us some coffee.

Harry would fain have persuaded us to go to bed; but Charles resolutely refused, and it was very happy we did not, for the poor man was delirious, and tried to get out of bed. And I believe he would have torn the bandage off his leg, if Charles, who was the only person he recollected, had not entreated him to let it alone. He obeyed him—did I not say truly, it was happy we were there? I could not help observing, that while Charles was busy about him, he did not seem to be afraid of any accident

which might have happened to himself. When Harry became composed, I mentioned to him the remark I had made, and owned I should have been afraid to have held Harry, when he looked so frantic. Hear his answer. When I am doing what I think right, I never feel any thing like fear—should I be killed assisting a fellow-creature, would it not be a glorious death? But I will tell you when I have felt fear. Once or twice I have been in danger in a crowd, into which I entered to procure amusement or gratify idle curiosity; then, indeed, I was afraid, and I thought, if I now lose my life, how can I answer to my Creator for risking it. This single thought deprived me of the courage you admire: nothing terrifies me, when I can pray to God, and am conscious I am obeying his holy will.

I shall not soon forget this night, dear mother; the stillness of it, and the sight of Harry, who was perhaps on his death-bed, made me think very seriously, and I could not help praying to God, to enable me so to live, that I might not fear death. I used often to wish to be rich, but in this sick chamber, these wishes appeared foolish, I only desired to be good. I felt the truth of Sir Charles's observation, that this was the solid distinction between man and man; I wondered I had not thought so before, the virtuous only appeared great in my eyes, because they can conquer death, and do not dread the end of life. And Charles agreed with me, that those who overcome the sorest earthly evil, must



certainly be the truly great. We talked of all the heroes we had read an account of in history, and observed that few died happily whose chief aim had not been to benefit mankind, rather than obtain a great name for themselves. But I should tire you if I was to relate the whole of our conversation, on subjects we seldom talked of before.

Towards morning Harry fell asleep, and awoke quite sensible; I was glad of it, for it is a shocking thing to see a man deprived of reason. How dependent he is! I now recollect Dr. Bartlett's words, That it is the right use of reason, which makes us independent of every human being.

We sat with Harry all day and endeavoured to divert him; and he was diverted. Robert came in the evening, and brought a note from Sir Charles, in which he desired us to sleep at the inn that night, and set off for London early in the morning.

Come, said Charles, the sun is not yet set, let us take a walk and look about the town, while supper is preparing. It is cold, replied I. Yes, answered Charles, but let us not mind that. There is nothing better at this season than to be accustomed to rough weather, and to harden ourselves against the winter. You will see this winter, continued he, how little I care for wind, frost, rain, or snow. I never stay in the house, I run through all weathers.

At this moment we came to a small cottage, where an old woman sat at a spinning-wheel, she seemed to be very poor. Let us go in and see her spin, said Charles; and we entered, begging the woman not to take it amiss, as we did not wish to interrupt her, but to see her spin. She began to talk to us, still turning her wheel. You are very diligent, said Charles. I must be so, replied the old woman, for it is my only support, except a trifle the gentry give me, in the winter, to buy coals, for they are very dear, and my hands are sometimes so cold, I cannot turn my wheel. Charles then asked, if her daily labour was sufficient to procure her bread. She answered yes, but it sometimes happens in the winter, when I have fewel to buy, that I have not money to purchase flax, and then I must sit in the cold idle and hungry. And is there nobody that will lend you a trifle, cried Charles, when you are in such extreme distress? Good lack, said the old woman, I dare say there are many good hearts in the world; but the rich, who are tender-hearted, sit in their warm parlours, and do not see the hardships we poor folk undergo. Charles then gave her a guinea and we hurried out of the cottage, to avoid her thanks; but her blessings followed us.

While we were at supper, he enquired of the landlord, if she was an industrious woman; he assured us she was, and patiently endured many hardships rather than become burdensome to the parish. Charles then desired him to supply her

with coals the ensuing winter; let her turn her wheel glibly, and I will pay you, good Sir, when I see you in the spring.

We visited Harry, and Charles desired to be called, if he was very ill during the night. Harry looked pleased; Ah! Sir, said he, I find you care for a poor sick servant, as well as for a gentleman.

Before we went to bed we could not help talking of the old woman.

C H A R L E S.

How happy it is for her that she can work, and keep out of the work-house; even in her old age her industry enables her to be useful to society, and to command a little abode of her own.

W I L L I A M.

Yet we slight such coarse hands; where should we get linen, if there were not industrious spinners?

C H A R L E S.

That we do not think of, we are apt to despise, as you observe, the useful work of such coarse hands, which we could not do without; and admire the embroidery the ladies work merely for ornament, And why? Because the soft fingers of the ladies do their work in elegant rooms, and the poor labour in huts.

W I L L I A M.

And yet, according to our reasoning last night, the poor woman who works to earn her

bread, or clothe her children, is a much more respectable member of society, than the lady who employs herself about work which can only procure her praise.

CHARLES.

Barren praise, my dear William, for Dr. Bartlett has said, that it is very dangerous to allow ourselves to be pleased with any commendation, which is not bestowed on our virtue. But I have seen some ladies, who neglected their children to prepare ornaments for their persons. And when they had them on they looked like dolls; I could not respect them as I respect the old woman.

WILLIAM.

I will never complain of the cold again, but rather encounter it, that I may be put in mind of the distresses the poor have to struggle with. Had you turned back when I complained, this poor old soul would have lost the comfortable fire you have procured her this winter.

We went to bed, slept soundly, and set off in good spirits, after hearing from Harry that he had passed a better night. I will now conclude this long letter; but first let me tell you, we are to visit some manufactories soon, to learn to value the labours of the poor, and the useful employments of life.

WILLIAM.

## LETTER LI.

WILLIAM *to his* MOTHER.

I MENTIONED to you that I expected to see some manufactories; yesterday Dr. Bartlett conducted us all, except Edward, who is gone for a short time to visit a relation, to several; and our curiosity was fully satisfied. I had seen some formerly, but without taking much notice of them: I viewed them all as something very common and rather mean; the case is altered now, I am taught to reason about them, and to admire the goodness of God displayed in the ingenuity of man. O, my dear mother, how wonderful are the ways of Providence! I must repeat an observation of Dr. Bartlett's before I relate a conversation which passed between Emilia, Charles, and I, after we returned home.

The poor, said he, whilst they are earning their own bread, provide necessaries and superfluities for the rich; who, in return, often to aggrandize themselves, fight their battles, plan their laws, and enable the mechanics to send their work to foreign markets. The labourer also, who tills the ground, and anxiously turns the produce to a good account, that he may be able to pay his rent, is protected by the rich, and may reasonably expect to solace himself after his toil, under the shade of the trees his



fathers have planted, or those he himself has reared. Thus does heaven bind us all together, and make our mutual wants the strong cement of society; and even the follies of individuals are so overruled as to produce good to the whole. Well, now for our conversation.

C H A R L E S.

You do not complain, I hope, that you have taken the trouble to accompany us.

W I L L I A M.

Complain, no, I should have been very sorry to have missed so pleasing and instructive a sight.

C H A R L E S.

I for my part, am very well pleased. What skilful, laborious men there are in the world; and how much of the comfort of our lives, depends on the exertions of our fellow-creatures; and must arise from the labours of those poor uneducated people, the rich are too apt to despise.

W I L L I A M.

Yes, I have often seen that persons of high rank treat them as if they were not made of the same flesh and blood.—I have seen that they scarcely moved their hats to a mechanic, though he bows himself almost to the ground.

E M I L I A.

That appears to me to be very wrong.

## CHARLES.

It is indeed a very perverse pride, for with all their riches, they could not do without those useful men. O, thought I, when I saw the weaver, who sat sweating before his loom, this man exhausts his vigour to procure me a great comfort, linen. Without him, the flax, that valuable plant, which the earth produces for this purpose, would be useless. Every one will allow, that shoe-makers and taylor and necessary; in short, since I find that laborious people are so essential to the well-being of the world, I cannot imagine how men can treat them with so much contempt. As to myself I shall guard against such behaviour; in the use of those things, I shall endeavour always to remember the men who are the instruments to convey the blessings of heaven to me: and these considerations will make me esteem my fellow-members of society; and try to fulfil my part of the social compact.

## WILLIAM.

I agree with my friend, and am ashamed that I should ever have looked on this class of my brethren with indifference.

## EMILIA.

But I found nothing that excited my wonder more than the art of printing. How could it be possible to write so many books as there are in the world?

C H A R L E S.

That would not be possible. We should then have very few books; and all those great geniuses, from whose writings we reap so much instruction, would be to us as dead men,—now they live and are our friends. Your country, William, had the honour of giving birth to the inventor of this invaluable art.

W I L L I A M.

Yes, and he has a statue erected to his memory before the house where he lived. His name was Laurence Koster.

C H A R L E S.

You wonder much at the letter press; but how many of the arts which we have not seen, would afford you equal matter for astonishment?

W I L L I A M.

It is almost incomprehensible, how a common potter, out of a rough lump of clay, should be able to make such a variety of useful and ornamental things.

E M I L I A.

Have not these poor people reason to complain that they work so hard for a piece of bread?

C H A R L E S.

By no means. They have even comparative happiness. How disagreeable must be the miners employment to us, who have been brought up in a different style of life, and have opened our

eyes to the beauties of nature? It is laborious, and they lose their health while they are secluded from the cheerful light of the sun, which enlivens every other labour.

EMILIA.

They might let it alone, and do something else to earn a livelihood.

CHARLES.

And what then would become of us all? They dig the gold out of the bowels of the earth, of which we are so proud; it is true we could do without it, as any thing that would lie in a small compass, might pass in exchange as money: but iron we could not spare; we should do every thing in a very clumsy manner without iron tools.—Only think of the various comforts which accrue to society from this one metal: and men must procure it.

EMILIA.

That is true.—And if we rightly consider it, we may say with truth, that iron is more valuable than gold.

CHARLES.

It is not only more valuable, but our abode on the earth would be uncomfortable without it:—it is apparently a necessary; and the great instrument of civilization.

WILLIAM.

We see greater respect paid to a goldsmith

than a common mechanic, though the first we could do without.

EMILIA.

Perhaps it is because that a goldsmith gains greater profit, and goes better clothed.

CHARLES.

You have well observed, Emilia. We are very unreasonable when we are proud of dress. Where should we get the finery, if the hard hands of the diligent labourer did not provide the materials? A diamond is dug out of the earth without our assistance. Silk stuff, prepared by the industry of a worm, and in which we pride ourselves, is worked for us without our knowing how.—Yet, we are delighted with the praise we receive, as much as we could be had we invented the arts, or manufactured the product of the earth. We only wear what the skill and industry of others have procured for us.—What are we, when we recollect such foolish pride?—We who presume to arrogate merit to ourselves, which belongs to others; to the weavers and tailors—and even to the worms that contribute to adorn us. But you may say, that such habits are a proof that we are rich, or born in a distinguished rank.—It is nothing!—We are, as I have just proved, indebted for the gold and silver to the poor miners, who, at the expence of health, dig it out of the mine—and we possess it by mere chance.—And



our birth, of which we are apt to boast so much, is equally accidental.

EMILIA.

But we pay more respect to painters, and all those who exercise the fine arts, than we do to mechanics, though theirs are not useful employments.

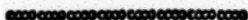
CHARLES.

That is, because we involuntarily pay respect to an improved mind. Dr. Bartlett has taught me to make distinctions. Those employments, in which the mind is exercised more than the body, tend to cultivate the understanding, the noblest kind of superiority. Those artists afford food for the mind; pleasures that the man has not any conception of who is occupied in manual labour. We may choose our companions and friends; but all the labourers in the great field of life, are our brothers; and equally deserve the rights of humanity. And they are superior to their fellow men who are most extensively useful, not those who, in false state, exhibit diamonds and gold on their bodies, whilst their minds are, perhaps, inferior to those of the poor creatures, who, by a weak taper's light, dug them out of their hidden place, to decorate folly, not ornament virtue; for virtue has inherent splendor.

Dear mother, I will never exalt myself on account of my birth again; but I will try to

gain the noblest distinctions, that of virtue. For with respect to understanding, I have often seen the witty applauded, when those you termed wise, were scarcely observed.—What, is not this admiring the dazzling and neglecting the useful? But, you say the generality are superficial, and only attend to the outside of things. I will try to remember, that the praise of one sensible person, is of more worth than the encomium of a crowd; because he considers before he speaks.

WILLIAM.



## LETTER LII.

WILLIAM to *his* MOTHER.

HONEST Harry is returned quite recovered, that is, as well as he will ever be; for the surgeon was right, he will be a cripple all his life. Sir Charles and his Lady are much concerned, for he was a faithful servant, and has been in the family some years. This morning we had the following conversation.

CHARLES.

Harry's accident makes me very uneasy.—Poor fellow! he was so well-made—so active.

SIR CHARLES.

We ought to draw useful lessons from the misfortunes we deplore. You find we are not

a moment sure of ourselves. He rose in the morning alert, full of health—before night, he was stretched on a bed—helpless as a babe. A single unforeseen accident, which we cannot guard against, may in a moment deprive us of our limbs, our sight, nay, even of life itself. To him who lives conformable to the laws of God, no death is sudden or dreadful.

CHARLES.

Accidents, you say, we cannot guard against; but are there not many misfortunes which we bring on ourselves through imprudence?

WILLIAM.

An event of this kind, a fatal one, happened last year in Holland. Two boys were at play struggling together with a pistol, they did not know it was loaded, the pistol went off, and one of them was killed, and the other so shocked that he has walked about the fields melancholy ever since.

SIR CHARLES.

That misfortune was entirely their own fault. It should always be a fixed rule with boys never to play with fire-arms; for in every thing that depends on ourselves we ought to be circumspect, and to be careful of our own lives, and of the lives of others, as a loan, which we must return at the time it pleases the Almighty to demand it—we must return our talents improved, or fearfully wait for the punishment denounced against the unfaithful servant.

WILLIAM.

Are not they equally wrong who venture their lives on the ice, before the frost is quite set in, only for the pleasure of skating a few days sooner?

SIR CHARLES.

The passion for pleasure so blinds them, that they think not of the danger. It is then wrong to indulge ourselves in all that we desire, for when this propensity to present pleasure is master of us, it dispossesses our judgment of its rightful place in the mind, and the quiet suggestions, reflection would obtrude, are not heard in the tumult.

CHARLES.

But, Sir, what is Harry to do? He is not now capable of service.

EMILIA.

I know my parents are so good—so humane—

LADY GRANDISON.

Well, and what would Emilia say further?

EMILIA.

You know better than I what is proper to do for him.

SIR CHARLES.

Speak, tell us your opinion.

EMILIA.

You gave a yearly income to our old gardener because he had been a faithful servant.

SIR CHARLES.

Very true; but the gardener was a decrepited old man, worn out in the service of my family; he could not do any thing to earn a livelihood. I respect old age, I would not grub up a tree which had long afforded me a shade; and the horse I rode on, when I was young, has now a meadow to range in, and a soft bed to stretch those limbs on, which were formerly active in my service.

EMILIA.

I would readily save my pocket-money, and give up the new clothes I have been promised, to contribute to support poor Harry.

SIR CHARLES.

You are a good girl; what you have said adorns your face, and makes you appear much more lovely than the finest ornaments could. But, Charles, let me hear what you would advise?

CHARLES.

I am afraid to give you advice, you know every thing so much better than I do.

LADY GRANDISON.

That is very well observed; but your father asks, not to be informed what is proper to be done, but to hear your sentiments.

CHARLES.

I respect Harry, nay love him; though not



as I love my dear father, and I would fain serve him.

SIR CHARLES.

Go on, Charles.

CHARLES.

His father was a good shoe-maker, and worked hard to bring up a large family; he brought Harry up a shoe-maker; but Harry had a mind to see the world, as he told me, when he was sick, and he left his father, he was then very sorry for it. His father died since he has been in your service, and he has constantly sent most part of his wages to his poor mother.—Now if you would have the goodness to give him a little furniture, and leather and tools, he and his mother might live together, and they would both be provided for; and, in time, he might be able to return you the money, for he has an honest heart.

SIR CHARLES.

What, without interest, Charles?

CHARLES.

Now, Sir, you joke with me—but I perceive why.

LADY GRANDISON.

Because you were so very careful, and would have the money returned.

Charles kissed his mother's cheek, and said, forgive me, I see you will do more for him, than I could presume to ask.

## SIR CHARLES.

Yes, I am glad that your sentiments so well accord with mine. We do the poor an essential service when we put them in a way to earn their own subsistence; for then we support the body without injuring the mind. Idleness in every station leads to vice. Do you go and speak to Harry, and ask him how much will be requisite for this purpose, and then we will give him it as a reward for his fidelity, and to comfort him under his misfortune.

## CHARLES.

Dear parents, I thank you; I will run immediately and tell him the good news. It will rejoice his heart, for when he was sick and delirious, he raved about his mother, and repented, sorely repented that he had not followed her advice and worked at his own trade. He will be so glad to maintain his mother, for the poor old woman, after bringing up a family, finds it hard to stand at the wash-tub.—He was going—

## EMILIA.

Stop a moment, I must go with you, for I love to see people happy.

O, my dear mother, how delightful it is to have it in our power to be bountiful. The poor man cried for joy, when Charles informed him what his parents designed to do for him. Thus

God provides for those who behave well to their parents. He saved to assist an old mother, and now he is lame his master takes care of him. In this way, said Sir Charles, we ought to lighten the afflictions we are liable to, and must humbly endure.

Two months more and I shall again be with you.

WILLIAM,

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### LETTER LIII.

WILLIAM *to his* MOTHER.

EDWARD is come again this afternoon, and looks very well. He informed us of a disagreeable accident which happened lately, and shows very clearly how imprudent it is to talk idly, and merely for the sake of having something to say, to canvass the faults or even the vices of others. But I will give you the particulars of a conversation we had in consequence of this information.

EDWARD.

You knew Colonel Brown, Charles. Last week Captain Fiery shot him.

CHARLES.

And for what reason?

E D W A R D.

Because his son, in a large company, spoke very disrespectfully of the Captain, and said he was a man whose word could not be depended on.

C H A R L E S.

Suppose it was so, it was not proper to speak of it, especially in a large company; these kind of conversations proceed oftener from folly than from a detestation of vice, or a nice sense of honour, which makes a person feel indignation, when any of his fellow-creatures act meanly.

W I L L I A M.

How could the Colonel be answerable for what his son said?

E D W A R D.

Fiery is a hot-headed foolish man, and because he could not have satisfaction from a youth, demanded it of the father. He apologized for his son's imprudence; but Fiery would not listen to reason, he compelled the other to meet him, his profession did not allow him to refuse a challenge; he was killed on the spot, and Fiery sat off directly for France.

C H A R L E S.

And what will he get by the name of courage, which his rash insensibility may have procured him? He must never return to his native country, his hands have been dyed in the blood of

his fellow-creature, he has robbed a family of its support, and in consequence of his violating the laws of humanity, is compelled to wander in a strange country, and only to receive that attention his money will procure.

WILLIAM.

But young Brown, how I pity him!

Yes, he deserves pity; he is continually upbraiding himself with his folly, and lamenting his rashness, his want of consideration, which has deprived his mother of all her comfort, and himself of a tender friend and affectionate father.

EDWARD.

Yet, many think him not to blame, he only spoke the truth. Captain Fiery's character is generally known, and he is as generally despised.

CHARLES.

Believe me, brother, we are not always to say what is true, when it tends to the prejudice of another we must be silent; it is more to our credit to soften the faults we must mention, and better still, perhaps, not to mention them at all. Dr. Bartlett has often told me, that those who accustom themselves to tell all they know of others, will imperceptibly deviate from truth, and, forgetting compassion, will become unjust.

WILLIAM.

I agree with you, and think it possible that those who build their virtues on the vices of others, will soon have only comparative virtue.



C H A R L E S.

It is chiefly to tell some news, or to appear of consequence, that people retail scandalous anecdotes; yet, those who listen to such stories with malignant pleasure, despise and fear the slanderer; though murder should not happen, many disagreeable consequences may follow, and we should never mention the faults of others without a chance of reclaiming them.

The conversation was interrupted, and so I must bid you adieu.

W I L L I A M.

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## L E T T E R L I V.

W I L L I A M *to his* M O T H E R.

LAST Friday we all of us went to pay a visit where there was a large party of young people, and some of them of the first rank. After we came home we conversed about them.

E D W A R D.

What think you, Charles, of the various dresses you saw? Young Owen's shabby coat appeared very conspicuous near Sir William Turner's elegant fashionable suit.

C H A R L E S.

Young Owen is not rich, but I am sure that he in his plain dress commands more respect than Sir William, if we go into company to be amused and improved, and not to see a block on which fine clothes are hung.

W I L L I A M.

You make me laugh, Charles; so, those who take so much pains to adorn their persons are, in your opinion, mere blocks.

C H A R L E S.

I do not absolutely say so, but this I am certain of, that those who are as accomplished and entertaining as young Owen, ought to take place of him, whose rank, fortune, and appearance are his only claim to notice.

E M I L I A.

Lady Jane L—— was of a different opinion; she said, she should certainly have staid at home, had she guessed that Owen would have been there, for she could not bear to sit in company with a youth whose grandfather was a mean mechanic.

C H A R L E S.

Many persons of quality are of the same opinion, but I have been told that we ought always to prefer merit to birth and riches; the former is the fruit of our own labour, but the latter is merely accidental.

EDWARD.

But it seems a rule in life to seek rather the company of superiors than inferiors.

CHARLES.

To seek either to associate with superiors or inferiors constantly, would, in my opinion, be equally mean, equally tend to debase the soul; friendship requires equality.

WILLIAM.

Lady Jane, whom Emilia was speaking of, appears to me very ill-natured. Did you not observe how she ridiculed that modest young gentleman who was a little deformed?

EMILIA.

Yes; she called him a spider, a little ape, and spoke so loud, that he heard her and appeared disconcerted, and yet she continued to laugh.

CHARLES.

Lady Jane did not recollect, that though her title announced her rank, her behaviour proved she was not well-bred. She had not sense to discover, that intolerable pride is a great fault, and deformity only a misfortune. She did not recollect, that it was her Creator she was blaming, and that a single fall, or some other casualty, might soon render her an object of ridicule; and, at any rate, time quickly flies, and will insensibly destroy those charms she is now so

proud of; and the ignorant may in their turn laugh at her, when she appears old and ugly, without wisdom or virtue to render gray hairs respectable. How often have I heard my tutor say, that wisdom and virtue never grow old, on the contrary, while they are useful to mankind, they spread a real splendor over the character of an individual.

Dear mother, how often have you warned me against such behaviour, and how tenderly have I seen you treat those whom others despised? Farewel.

WILLIAM.

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## LETTER LV.

WILLIAM to his MOTHER.

FORGIVE me, dear mother, for having been so long silent, but I have only disagreeable tidings to communicate to you. We all wear a face of woe; my worthy benefactor, our dear Sir Charles, is very ill, and has been so for some time. The physicians think him in great danger, and we expect nothing but death. Lady Grandison, as you may well imagine, is almost inconsolable. Emilia is continually weeping, and Edward appears almost distracted. I will give you an account of a conversation we had yester-

day, after we left the sick room. Edward clasped his hands as in despair, and threw himself into a chair in an adjoining chamber. Ah! William, he cried, how it grieves me to think I have so often offended my more than father; yes, my friend, every thing I have done now haunts me, and pains my very soul.

WILLIAM.

My dear Edward be comforted, he is still alive, and God may perhaps restore him to health.

EDWARD.

I know I do not deserve that favour, I have so often offended him, and though he has forgiven me, I can never forgive myself; and, perhaps, God will not forgive me. Happy Charles, who now, because he has always been dutiful, can look for his father's death with a sedate sorrow, while I fly from his sick bed, continually tormented by fear and remorse.

WILLIAM.

Indeed he appears to have much fortitude.

EDWARD.

He has a Father in heaven that is good to him, who gives him power to support his grief.

WILLIAM.

Pray you also to that Father, and you too will obtain his favour; the unhappy, who sincerely turn to him, will always find him compassionate and ready to forgive those who really



lament their faults, not merely the consequences produced by them.

EDWARD.

Well then, I will do so; but oh! William, my heart is very heavy.

Dear mother, I pity poor Edward, but I admire Charles; and I do not know which to praise most, his filial love, or his sedateness and patience; in the bitterness of his grief he scarcely ever leaves his sick parent, he gives him his medicines, stifles his sighs, and hides his tears, and almost seems afraid to breathe when his father closes his eyes; but I have seen him fold his hands together, and, lifting up his eyes to heaven, pray with ardour. I will not send this letter off till to-morrow, when I will write again.

WILLIAM, *in continuation.*

How much I was affected yesterday, afternoon. I went, after I had done writing, to Sir Charles's chamber, I opened the door softly, but instead of Charles, saw Lady Grandison and Emilia, both kneeling at the bed-side; I stole away unperceived to seek for Charles, I could not find him in any of the chambers, no one knew where he was. Oh! said I to myself, where is my dear Charles? I ran into the garden, and there I found him in the summer-house; he was kneeling down, his hands and eyes were lifted up to heaven, and big tears

rolled down his cheeks; I heard him pray with earnestness, but could only distinguish a few words.

*Preserve, oh! my God, my dear, my affectionate father—grant him longer life, Thou knowest best, Thou art infinitely merciful, oh! pardon me, I wish to die to save him, to save my mother from the anguish she must endure if deprived of him.*

He seemed in an agony, and at length arose with more apparent firmness; I could no longer be silent, I caught his hand, God will preserve your father, I exclaimed; I hope so, answered he, but let us walk round the garden, that my mother may not see that I have been crying, it would add to her sorrows. We walked backwards and forwards, when Charles resumed the discourse; You heard me pray then?

WILLIAM.

No, I only heard a few incoherent words, and that you wished to die to save your father.

CHARLES.

Of how much more consequence is his life than mine? I scarcely know how I should live without him. My wish was a selfish one, for perfect happiness is not to be found on earth; I have heard him often say, the happiest have their troubles, and the best their failings, which disturb their earthly peace.

WILLIAM.

What a comfort would these sensible reflections afford, should you lose your father?

## CHARLES.

I hope they would; though it now appears to me, that nothing could afford me comfort, should I be deprived of the best of fathers. Come, let us go in; I would not lose the few moments that still afford me an opportunity of shewing my affection and alleviating his sufferings.

We went immediately into the house. Sir Charles had slept near an hour, and was something better: he called Charles with a faint, yet a distinct voice, as soon as he heard him enter the room; he approached the bed and threw himself upon his knees, he took hold of his father's hand and kissed it several times with a kind of eager respect; what sensibility, what sincerity and grief, did I not see in his countenance! The tears were rolling fast down his cheeks, it would be impossible to delineate the scene.—What does my father want? asked he; what would he say to his son? I wish, answered Sir Charles, to tell you, that your duty and affection will soften the pangs of death, your mother will still have a friend, your sister a protector, and your past behaviour makes me rely on your future. You weep, grieve not my son, sometime or other we must have been separated, but if you obey your heavenly father we shall meet again, where death has no dominion.

## CHARLES.

But, my dear father, if you recover now, I might die before you.

SIR CHARLES.

Would you then, Charles, rather have me suffer, than endure grief yourself? Do you love me?

CHARLES.

Do I love you!—I love you more than I love myself.

SIR CHARLES.

No, my dear, you are mistaken; you love yourself better, or you would not wish me to live in a world where there are so many cares and sorrows.

CHARLES.

It is true, but I pray forgive me, I cannot help wishing to keep you here. I cannot forbear thinking how unhappy I shall be, when I lose my father; I have such need of your wise counsel, you are the guide of my youth,—my first friend.

SIR CHARLES.

You will still have a good mother, and you have a Father in heaven, who will never leave you nor forsake you; reconcile your mind to the event: if I die, recollect that I am only gone a little while before you; be virtuous, remember your Creator, fulfil all your duties to your fellow-creatures, and you will without fear wait for the last solemn hour, and the moment when we shall meet again.—But I have said sufficient, submit yourself to the Ruler of the universe, who loves you even better than I do.

My friend Charles rose up, and retired from the bed, without being able to speak, his heart was full, he threw himself into a chair. My father, said he, has commanded me to submit to the will of heaven; this affecting command is, perhaps, the last I shall ever receive from his dear mouth.—Well then, I must, I will be resigned. I will suppress my grief as well as I can, and wait the event with fortitude; my father has taught me how to live, and I shall now learn of him how to die; by imitating his virtues, I may be thought worthy to dwell with him in heaven, to meet him never to part again.

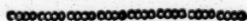
The physician came in with Dr. Bartlett, he found his patient much better, and gave us some hopes; the good Doctor took Charles by the hand, and advised him to take some rest, for he had not been in bed these three nights: but Charles begged to be excused; I cannot sleep, Sir, said he, while my father suffers so much. No, I slumber by his bed when he rests, that is sufficient. Indeed, who can so well take care of a father as his own son? Who can love him as well as I do? My eye must see if he lies down soft and easy, I must cover him, I must warm his dear hands in mine when I find them cold.—I must do more—I must receive his last breath.—He could not go on, and when they still continued to press him, he said, he esteemed too much the few precious hours he could now spend with



his father to lose one, while there was a shadow of danger.

What a son, dear mother ! but even the recital has affected me so much, I can only assure you that I am your dutiful son,

WILLIAM.



## LETTER LVI.

*Mrs. D—— to WILLIAM.*

I WAS very much concerned when I heard of your benefactor's alarming illness ; but I would fain hope, with you, my dear William, that heaven will restore so good a man, whose example the world has so much need of. Yet, my son, what an opportunity presents itself for you to view death without terror. You see with what peace and tranquillity a Christian can wait for his dying hour ; one who has observed the duties of christianity, and not assumed the mere name. You behold the good Sir Charles resigned to the will of heaven, calmly waiting for his dissolution ; yes, every one who has lived well, may be termed the friend of God, and, secure of his protection at the last trying hour, may view it without dismay. He knows, that released from all the cares and sufferings of this life, he is going to enjoy the presence and favour of the supreme fountain of good, whose favorite he is, because he has endeavoured to copy the perfec-

tions, as far as he could discover them, of that Being he adored. Death has nothing terrible in it for him ; no, death, at that moment, appears his best friend, as it conducts him to an eternity of happiness, which, even in this world, he has had a foretaste of ; and besides, what delight may not a further improvement in knowledge afford to one who has already advanced a few steps in the attainment of it. Life is like a dream, which quickly passes away, and virtue only forces it to leave lasting traces behind. Let us, my son, endeavour to be good, and then we may all expect to meet where our great improvement in virtue may ensure our happiness. Neglect not to inform me, by the first packet, of the present state of health of our much-esteemed friend.

D.

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 LETTER LVII.
WILLIAM *to his* MOTHER.

REJOICE with us, my dear mother, Sir Charles is now entirely out of danger ; I omitted writing for some days, that I might be quite certain that our hopes were well-founded. Our mourning is now turned into joy : I think we were never so happy before. But what should I have done had he died ? the time of my depar-

ture for Holland approaches, how could I have left my friend in the midst of his grief? It is in the hour of sorrow that we most need a friend, and I think I love him better than ever, since I saw him so unhappy;—but it is all over now, and I shall return with satisfaction to my dear mother and sister. How quickly has this year flown away; and Dr. Bartlett has frequently told me, that few complain of the irksomeness of time, who are properly employed. Certainly none are more to be pitied than those who are habitually idle; how far otherwise is it with those happy families where useful employments, and innocent amusements, fill the whole day. I have learned of Charles to divide my hours well, and I shall do so, with your permission, when I return home. I shall not then, I hope, be any more dull, as I used formerly to be, when we were without company; nor shall I wish continually for the company of young Du Lis, because he was always merry. I will read to you, when we are alone; and improve myself in drawing, and in the many other things I have been taught since I came to England, that my friend Charles may not blush for me, when we meet again. I shall never forget what I heard Sir Charles say a few days ago to Edward; you wish much for company, dear Edward, said he, but, believe me, it is wishing for slavery. He who is always running into company, cannot bear himself in solitude; constant company leads to habitual idleness. Society is agreeable; but

it must be relieved by retired hours to remain long so. And it is very improper, for young people especially, every day to think of visiting; the days of youth are invaluable, it is the seed-time of life, and a harvest cannot be expected when it has been neglected. You ought then to suppress that desire of continual dissipation, which insensibly draws off the attention from more rational pursuits, and even prevents young people from obtaining a respectable situation in the society they frequent. If you would learn to be qualified for general conversation, learn to think when you read, and through the assistance of rational books, many hours of retirement may pass pleasantly away, without your wishing for the noise of society—Books are never failing friends.

I am, dear mother,

WILLIAM.

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## LETTER LVIII.

WILLIAM to his MOTHER.

NEXT Thursday is fixed for my departure, so that this is my last letter. I did wish to have remained here till after Emilia's birth-day, but one of Sir Charles's friends intends setting off next week for Holland, and he wishes me to go with him, as another opportunity may not soon occur.

How happens it, dear mother, that I am so low-spirited when I am returning to you, whom I have so continually longed to see? I love Sir Charles and his Lady, and I love my friend as myself, yet, I love you better than all the world. I know not well what I feel, I would willingly return, and still wish to remain where I am. Sir Charles has given me reason to hope that I shall see my friend in Holland much sooner than I expected, and that we shall correspond constantly during our separation; he then gave me some books and mathematical instruments. How much I shall have to read to you, and how many things to tell you, when I am once more returned home!

Farewel, farewel, will you forgive me for feeling so much concern at leaving my friends, when I am returning to the most indulgent of parents, and a sister whom I desire to improve? Soon, very soon, shall I tell you, that I am your very affectionate son,

WILLIAM.

END OF VOL. I.



# YOUNG GRANDISON.

A SERIES OF  
L E T T E R S  
F R O M  
YOUNG PERSONS  
TO THEIR  
F R I E N D S.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DUTCH OF  
MADAME DE CAMBON.  
W I T H  
ALTERATIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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V O L. II.

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## YOUNG GRANDISON.

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### LETTER I.

WILLIAM D—to young CHARLES GRANDISON.

I WISH to inform you, my dear Grandison, what joy I felt when I returned back again to a dearly loved mother.—But, no ;—you who love your parents so tenderly, can easily imagine what I cannot describe. How full of transport was the moment, when, after a year's absence, I again embraced the dear guardian of my youth. It was very early in the morning when we entered the city ; my mother, as we had not had a fair wind, did not expect me, and of course was in bed. My first eager desire made me ascend the stairs ; but as I was hastening to her bedchamber I recollected myself, and returned softly back. It is still dark, thought I, shall I disturb her repose, by my sudden appearance at her bedside ? Certainly not. That would be mistaken love, mere selfish affection. You will, I think, approve of this prudence. Mean while I was full of impatience : a thousand times I wished her to wake, counted the minutes, and

listened continually.—At length the moment arrived; my heart beat quick; I almost flew up the stairs; but again I stopped myself, and resting on the last stair, I called out, Here is your own William, dear mother, may I come in? Was I not right, my friend? for the sudden surprise of seeing me, would have been too much for her spirits. Before I could well hear her answer my patience was exhausted, and I rushed in, and was at her bedside out of breath; I could only say, My dear mother. She pressed me to her bosom, crying, My William, my son!—and we both wept together: but they were delightful tears: I never in my life experienced so much heart-felt satisfaction.

My sister Annette hurried on her clothes as soon as she heard of my arrival, and jumped about me half mad with joy. She then ran for the doll, which your sister Emilia sent her, and made me observe how well she had preserved it, and asked twenty questions in a breath about this dear sister of your's. In the midst of them, the maid came to tell her that her writing master waited for her. I wish it was an hour earlier, said she, with tears in her eyes; the moment I see you I am forced to leave you; another day, I should not mind writing four copies; but to-day I know not how to go. Well, said my mother, observing the tears she tried to hide, we will desire the master, for this time, to excuse you. Annette stood a moment irresolute, then ran to her mother, and said, it is from pure

goodness that you indulge me; but I know you would rather I did not neglect my writing. Besides, good Mr. M—— might be displeased with me; it would not be right to send such an old man away, I will take my lesson. Would not Emilia do so? and she skipped out of the room.

I believe all children might be induced to learn to read and write, if it was made an amusement to them, without all that gloom which generally accompanies lessons. Children are very fond of imitating men if they are allowed to follow their own inclinations; yet are averse to constraint: but you will think me too serious. And I hasten to tell you what I suffered when I left your dear family. Your father's kindness melted my very soul, and even the expectation of seeing the best of parents did not cheer me when I first got into the packet-boat.. Farewel, sometime think of your affectionate friend,

WILLIAM.

P. S The anniversary of Emilia's birth is now past without my being able to celebrate it with you. With what delight would I have gathered her a nosegay of my best flowers, those hyacinths and jonquils, which I raised with so much care. But I was denied that pleasure; my heart longs to tell her all the good wishes you must now present to her in my name. May she be as happy as I wish her to be! I need say no more.



## LETTER II.

CHARLES *to* WILLIAM.

BELIEVE me, my dear Wil'iam, I very severely feel your absence: you will be convinced of this when I tell you, that this house, in which my best friends, my parents reside, for the first time in my life appeared dreary to me. I ran from room to room, and could scarcely believe that I am at home. I went into the chamber where we used to amuse ourselves; but vainly did I endeavour to pursue the same employments; I recollected, every instant, that I was alone, and should have wept, only I was ashamed of being so weak. My greatest pleasure was in looking over your drawings, and pointing out their beauties to Emilia.

I did not forget to present to her your fine flowers, and she instantly put them in water, that she might for a long time enjoy their fragrance.

I agree with you, William, that it is very pleasant to be employed; but I am afraid I should not always have thought so if Dr. Bartlett had not taken so much pains to make my employments amusements. He has frequently reminded me, that every duty soon becomes a pleasure. How then can men neglect their duties merely to be idle; the most lazy burthens on society, he added, would think it a severe punishment, if during their whole life they were

not allowed to do any thing. How miserable would they be, though surrounded with all the conveniencies, and even superfluities of life. We should be happier rowing in the galleys, than in this settled listless state, which puts a stop to all improvement, for improvement is the main end of life, as it raises us above the brutes, and enables us to please God. I am sure he was right, for when I have reluctantly begun to work, I soon found it very pleasant, so that I wished to go on, particularly when we have been digging in our garden, or using our turning tools. Nay, it has been the same when I have been reading or drawing.

I must now have done, for it is nine o'clock, the hour I attend Dr. Bartlett, and he expects me to be very punctual, if I have not a good reason to give for my delay. Remember me to your mother and sister, and write often to yours,

CHARLES GRANDISON.

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### L E T T E R    I I I .

WILLIAM to CHARLES.

HOW agreeable, my dear Charles, has Dr. Bartlett made my life ; by teaching me the habit of exercising my mind, he has inspired me with curiosity to improve myself in the sciences, and your whole family have led me to love the arts.

I would draw, and learn music, to be the companion of Emilia and Charles. And pray thank your father for the books and mathematical instruments he gave me, and I hope, by my future diligence, to prove that I am grateful for the instructions I received at your house.

I daily find, that industry and perseverance overcome many difficulties. But I receive still more satisfaction from my employments, when I perceive the pleasure my improvement affords my mother.—I never saw her so happy since my father's death as she is at present. Yesterday she came into my room, and found me with my compasses in my hand, and my books open before me. Her eyes swam in tears, and she kissed me affectionately, exclaiming, how thankful ought I to be to heaven, for having given me such a son to comfort my widowed heart. Oh, Charles, what a satisfaction I felt when I heard this said by a mother I tenderly loved, and every day more and more respect.—How valuable were those lessons, added she, which you were favoured with; and what a blessing for you has been the example of your friend.—Very true, my dear mother, answered I, but at the same time I recollect, that you were my first teacher; that you laid the ground-work; had you not accustomed me to diligence, and prepared me by your instructions, what should I have learnt in one year even with the best masters? You taught me to read the Dutch, English, and French languages,

and the knowledge of them prejudiced my friends in England in my favour.

My mother, after having sat a few moments, left me, but quickly returned, with a cup of chocolate. A little refreshment, William, said she, will enable you to work with more pleasure, and I know you are fond of chocolate. Yes, answered I, my dear Madam, but I receive more pleasure from this proof of your goodness, than any refreshment could ever afford me.

My mother then asked if I had any thing particular to do in the evening, if not, she would give me a little commission. You may be sure that I eagerly told her I should be ready to do whatever she desired who had a right to command. Well, said she, we shall see, and left the room.

After she left me I began to consider, nay, to wonder, what it could be, for I perceived a smile on her countenance when she spoke of it. Suddenly it darted into my head that this was the first of April; you know it is the custom to play tricks that day, and I imagined I had discovered the secret, and determined to be careful. We went to dinner. I observed, that Annette knew something of what was going forwards, for I heard her say softly, No, mother, I shall say nothing of it. I went to my room, as usual, after dinner to draw. Annette came soon after to take a lesson, yet you will readily believe I did not ask her any questions, though I was really very curious. She was cautious, but could not help laughing several times. At last, an hour

before tea time, a violin was brought into my chamber, and my mother soon afterwards entered, followed by a genteel-looking man. I was astonished, and silently bowed. She took the violin out of the case and gave it me, saying, this gentleman is a music master, who has agreed to give you lessons, and I doubt not you will be assiduous to profit by his instructions. This is the commission I mentioned this morning. Never, my dear Charles, was I more agreeably surprised; I first took my mother, and then my music master, by the hand, and scarcely knew what I said when I attempted to thank her.

And what say you, Charles, am I not very happy that my mother enables me to improve myself in my favourite amusement? If I ever visit dear England again, I shall find no difficulty in playing with you and Emilia. And what adds to this obligation is the kindness of my mother in procuring me an advantage the narrowness of her circumstances must render very inconvenient.

I hastily ran down stairs after my master left me, and could hardly refrain boasting of her goodness before a lady who came to drink tea with her. But I was glad when she went away; then I had an opportunity to give vent to my grateful heart.

How much have I injured you, my dear mother, said I, by supposing you were going to play me an April trick; will you forgive me? Yes, certainly, answered she, and I am glad you mentioned it, that I may inform you from what



cause that foolish custom, of making fools of each other, took its rise. It was from the abuse and scoffing which our Saviour suffered when he was sent from Pilate to Herod, and back again to Pilate, by those who had put on him a scarlet robe by way of derision. Be careful, then, never to mock the wretched, for then you again insult Jesus Christ, and neglect to follow his example, who was the pattern of all virtue. Besides, many quarrels arise from foolish frolics, and we should never enjoy a joke that gives a fellow-creature pain.

Two hours at least of the twenty-four I shall now devote to music, though my master is to come but twice a week; yet I must constantly practise to prepare myself for his lessons: I shall then rise an hour sooner, for I have often heard Dr. Bartlett say, that five or six hours sleep is sufficient for a person in health. Farewell, remember your friend

WILLIAM.

#### LETTER IV.

CHARLES to WILLIAM.

AGAIN do I see return that delightful season in which every thing appears to be revived, and we are once more at our beloved Grandison Hall. You remember well how pleasantly last summer passed away; the shady woods, these charming

walks, all brought you to my remembrance, and particularly our little garden.

Edward has left us for some time; his friends have procured a commission for him; but I have another companion, my cousin James, the eldest son of Lord G—. He is a handsome lively youth, and, my father says, has a good understanding, yet I observe he does not find that pleasure in the country that you and I do. He is of a humourous turn, and sometimes treats the most serious matters with too much levity. His disposition would better agree with Edward's than mine, for he loves a frolic, and calls mischief fun; however he has a good heart, and possesses a winning cheerfulness of temper.

We yesterday took a pleasant ride; Emelia accompanied us: we went out of the high road to a small village, and stopt at a little farm house to purchase some fruit. We had not been long in a little room near the garden when we heard a confused noise in the kitchen, and I ran out to enquire the cause, leaving my cousin with my sister. A young man, well dressed, ran hastily through the passage; he had been disputing with the farmer, who now allowed him to conceal himself in the garden.

He was scarcely out of sight, when a respectable looking woman ran in, exclaiming, My son is here; I must, I will see him? A mother who demanded her son, and a son who avoids his mother, thought I, this is something uncommon. I felt extreme compassion, which seemed to command me to assist her: who, indeed, could see

a distressed mother without being moved? You weep, said I; I cannot see a parent's tear without concern; has any misfortune befallen your son? Yes, she replied, I am almost without hope; perhaps it is even now too late to save him from ruin. I requested her to go into the parlour to my sister, whilst I spoke to the farmer, and sought for the son. Emilia was surprised to see me enter with a woman apparently distressed, but with compassionate politeness she took her hand, while I reached a chair. I stopt a moment, afraid to ask her any question, lest she should think me impertinent; yet I wished her to speak that I might know what to say to her son. She soon broke silence, and when her tears allowed her to speak articulately, said, "your kindness affects me, I am an unfortunate widow, who formerly knew better days, and never thought I should be obliged to work for the necessaries of life; but the sudden death of my husband, a clergyman, has thrown me destitute on the world. He left me a son, who might have made my life comfortable, if he had not been drawn aside from the path of virtue by bad company. Falling from one error to another, instead of helping to soften my griefs, he has made me feel that my afflictions indeed are very heavy. My intreaties, my threatenings, have all been fruitless; I could not separate him from his thoughtless companions, or induce him to follow any useful employment, and"—here her sobs prevented her from proceeding, when she added, "I have just heard, that he has en-

tered himself as a sailor, and is soon to go on board a man of war which is now preparing for sea. If he would exert himself he might gain an honest livelihood, and be a comfort to his unfortunate mother: it would almost break my heart to part with him; but though I could part with him for his good, I cannot bear that he should go with the companions who seduced him from his duty, and first led him into vice; should he become thoroughly vicious, I should then lose him for ever, and he would bring my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave."—I could not refrain my tears, Emilia, and even James wept.—No, Madam, said I, he shall not leave you, I know where he is, and I will hasten to him, to awaken him to repentance, and I hastily left the room.

I found the young man in a shed at the bottom of the garden, and the following conversation ensued.

CHARLES.

Shun me not, Sir, I am your friend, at least I desire to be so; I have heard that you wish to hide yourself, and that even from your parent; pardon the liberty I take, I cannot help endeavouring to divert you from your design: it grieves me to see that you avoid your mother.

BRADLEY.

I must not, I cannot see her again; do not betray me, I beseech you, but persuade the master of the house to let me escape without seeing her.

CHARLES.

Could I desire the man to do this ! I who have seen your distressed mother weep, and have wept with her !

BRADLEY.

How : has she told you all ?

CHARLES.

Yes, she has told me you would fly from her, you, her only son, and that it will cost her her life. What a proof of tenderness ! Can you be unconcerned ?

BRADLEY.

My mother is in necessitous circumstances ; she cannot support me according to my birth.

CHARLES.

It is noble in you not to wish to be a burthen to your mother ; a son of your age should not expect a support, except his parents are blest with affluence. But I have been informed you are very ingenious, and have received a good education ; heaven has not given you these talents for no purpose.

BRADLEY.

I must endeavour to advance my fortune in a foreign country.

CHARLES.

You will find no mother in a foreign country ; and can you leave a parent already overwhelmed by misfortune ? would you snatch from her her



last support? Surely you have no affection for her.

BRADLEY.

What, Sir, no affection for a mother who has done so much for me!

CHARLES.

A strange proof you would give of it, to leave her in solitary misery, when she declares your absence would be her death.

BRADLEY.

That is a weakness; how many mothers are there that must be separated from their children?

CHARLES.

I acknowledge it; but a weakness that arises from an affection for you should rather endear her to you. Excuse me, Sir, but I think that children who have such tender apprehensive parents, ought to sacrifice a wavering uncertain prospect of happiness rather than grieve them. Nay, it would be for their own advantage, if, as my tutor says, no happiness is to be obtained by the violation of duty. Should you return from sea successful, and find her dead, repentance would imbitter your whole future life, for she assures me you have naturally an affectionate good disposition. Continue with her; when a mother in poverty begins to labour under a weight of years, it would be cowardly in a son to desert her.

BRADLEY.

What shall I do, I have not learned any business, would you have me work in the fields?

## CHARLES.

There is nothing shameful in pursuing any honest employment ; but you are not reduced to that situation. Any one who has a tolerable understanding, and has had a good education, may make himself friends by his diligence : in short, there is no one who is virtuous and industrious but may gain a subsistence, and secure himself respect and esteem. Come, consent ; let me conduct you to your mother ; she has lived for you, you in your turn ought to live for her. Our parents are our best friends, whose loss nothing can recompense ; let those go to sea who have no parents to weep for them, who have no abilities to push them forward in the employments which require mental exertions ; it becomes not you who have such qualifications.

## BRADLEY.

It is too late, I have already entered ; I have no alternative ; go I must.

## CHARLES.

That difficulty may easily be removed. Come, throw yourself at your mother's feet, and give her cause to weep for joy.—At last I persuaded him, and he silently followed me, very much distressed.

The mother no sooner saw us enter the room, than she fell on his neck. Oh ! William, how tender is the affection of a mother for her children. Bradley seemed truly penitent and abashed ; but I shall not attempt to describe all the

affecting circumstances. Afterwards he took me aside, and said, I am really sorry to leave my mother, yet I must fulfil my engagement, for I have spent the bounty money; and the captain would not be willing to part with a stout hand supposing I could return it, which is impossible. I bid him be easy, and if he would promise to remain with his mother, I did not doubt but that I should prevail on my father to use his interest with the captain. I said the same to his mother, whose acknowledgment made me blush, and, to avoid them, I hastened our departure, and thought the road very tedious till I arrived at Grandison Hall, and had interested my father in this poor woman's favour. I am to see Bradley next Friday: I desired him to call on me; before that time my father will take me to the neighbouring sea-port, where the vessel is fitting out for sea.—You shall hear all about it: till then adieu.

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## LETTER V.

CHARLES to WILLIAM.

WELL, my dear friend, my father has exerted his interest, and the captain has consented to release young Bradley from his engagement. I returned the bounty money; my father would have reimbursed me, but I wished to do something myself.

I then visited the unhappy mother, who joyfully received the news, and even the son thanked me with tears in his eyes, for he appears to have a good disposition, though he has not sufficient firmness to bear the laugh of his dissipated companions. The poor woman still seems alive to fear, but my father has promised to procure him some employment; mean while Dr. Bartlett will endeavour to prepare him for it, by teaching him habits of regularity and order. That good man thought of making him copy some of his sermons, and making extracts from books. This task young Bradley readily performs in the steward's room, and he imagines that he is making himself useful, when in reality this is only a scheme of the benevolent Doctor's to improve him, and detach him from his former idle companions. It already seems to have had a good effect on him, and my tutor says, he perceives a spark of emulation blowing up in his mind, that he hopes will strengthen his weak resolves, and make him, in time, a virtuous character.

Our little garden is now in fine order again, and I work at it with pleasure, because I have got a new companion. Can you guess who? no other than your old friend Emilia. She has got a dress proper to work in, and rises with the lark to assist me; indeed she often joins in the general concert, and sings as cheerfully as the birds that hop around us. I asked her, yesterday, if she was not afraid to dirty her hands. You mean to laugh at me, said she,

smiling, I hope I shall never be a fine lady, or forget that my hands were given to me for some other purpose than to keep them soft and white. Believe me, brother, a daisy I have raised by my own labour, is a thousand times more acceptable to me than the finest nosegay presented by the gardener.

But I must here close my letter, my mother has sent for me to go an airing with her, and I must not make her wait.

Yours,

CHARLES.

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## LETTER VI.

CHARLES to WILLIAM.

I AM so happy, my dear William, I can scarcely tell you what has made me so. I am out of breath with joy; you are to come, with your dear mother, to live always in England. My kind parent communicated the joyful tidings to me, and added, that she had prevailed on Mrs. D—— to approve of her plan. Never, never, was I more agreeably surprised; but I will tell you all in a circumstantial manner, when I have taken breath, for my heart beats violently. —Well, I am now more composed. After breakfast, this morning, my mother desired me to make an excuse to Dr. Bartlett, and follow



her into the garden, when I joined her. I will give you our conversation in the usual way.

LADY GRANDISON.

We consented you know, Charles, to let you spend next winter, and part of the spring, with your friend William; but some particular reason obliges us to change our minds, and I doubt not you will cheerfully acquiesce in our determination.

CHARLES.

Yes, for I know you must have a sufficient reason for altering your mind.

LADY GRANDISON.

But perhaps the disappointment will make you very unhappy?

CHARLES.

You have taught me to be sincere. I acknowledge I am disappointed, and cannot in a moment forget it; I have promised myself so much pleasure, and William and I had formed so many plans: I have so long thought of visiting Holland, that I really long to see it. But do not be angry, the pleasure of obeying you and my father will outweigh every other consideration. I shall not have to part with you all, and I have often thought with pain of the time when I should leave you—when the sea would divide us.

LADY GRANDISON.

The sea will not divide us; but you are to leave us for some time to visit our estate in C—,

and to make some necessary alterations there in your father's name.

C H A R L E S.

I shall endeavour to do the best, and hope you will have no reason to complain of your young steward.

L A D Y G R A N D I S O N.

I expected an answer like this; but the farm house you will inhabit, is situated almost in a desert; you will have few companions, and no amusements, except the pleasure of relieving the poor. We wish you to experience, that the consciousness of being useful is the truest pleasure; we can do without company when we have peace in our minds. I find pleasure every where, for every where I find something to do.

C H A R L E S.

Reading and music will be my chief amusements; yet I shall want you, I shall want my father and William; but I shall write to you often, and surely you will answer all my letters.—Yes, I shall be happy—send me away as soon as you please. Here I paused a little and was thoughtful, but I do not know what I thought of, tears rushed involuntarily into my eyes—my mother observed it.

L A D Y G R A N D I S O N.

Why, Charles, do you hide any thing from me? speak, you are sorrowful, open your heart to your mother.

## CHARLES.

Forgive my weakness, dear Madam, I am ashamed of it. Let me soon set out for the farm, I will not shed a tear I promise you, and you shall see what chearful letters I will write.

## LADY GRANDISON.

You are the child of my heart; your submission to your earthly parents proves to me, that you will in future resign yourself to the will of your heavenly father, who never afflicts his children but to improve them. But your trial at this time will not be so severe as you imagine; I will fully explain myself; I did not at first speak explicitly that I might receive this proof of your submission to our will. You are first to accompany Dr. Bartlett on a visit to his relations; and from thence go to the farm for a short time, where you will find ample employment, in visiting and assisting the poor. She paused a moment for my answer, and then went on; but what think you, Charles, if Mrs. D—, your friend William, and little Annette, were to come and reside in England? (I listened with all my ears, and she proceeded) see here is a letter from Mrs. D—, in which you will find, that the proposal gave her great pleasure. We are to prepare a house for her, and, as you say you long to see Holland, it is now our design to let you take a trip there, to conduct your friend and his mother to your native country, where it will be our study to make their situation comfortable. What say you, Charles?

I don't know what I said, William, I was almost wild with joy. And now I have told you all, I will run again and thank those dear parents; indeed, I feel quite restless, I cannot sit still. In two months we shall meet. Farewell,

C H A R L E S.

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L E T T E R VII.

WILLIAM to CHARLES.

COULD I believe that I should ever have been so happy as to have a prospect of spending all my life with you and your beloved family! No, I was even afraid to hope for such happiness, but now I number the days till I shall see you: I have already put my books in order; every thing is waiting for you. I gave my mother your letter to read; she bestowed the warmest praises on my dear friend. He seems to have a just sense of the duty due to parents, said she; a good son always supposes that tender parents have a sufficient reason for what they do when they deprive him of any little gratification; he then submits without reluctance, or even enquiry, certain that it is for his good. A child that thus submits will, when a man, be as resigned to the dispensations of heaven.

I could not forbear giving your letter to one of my young acquaintance to read when we were walking. I will relate our conversation.

WILLIAM.

What think you, Frederick, of this instance of willing submission?

FREDERICK.

It is praise worthy, but I acknowledge myself not so obedient.

WILLIAM.

Such a chearful submission might possibly require more resolution than either you or I have; however it is possible; and as we ought to shew ourselves grateful for the kindnesses we have received, the only way we have of doing so is constantly to obey the injunctions of our parents, and never to murmur if they even seem hard.

FREDERICK.

This may be true, yet these considerations would not change a desert, as Lady Grandison called her farm, into an agreeable abode.

WILLIAM.

No, but yet I might say to myself, in such a solitary place, I hope I am beloved by my Creator, because I have done my duty; then I should be much happier than in the most magnificent palace, upbraiding myself with having done wrong, and having made God angry by disobeying my parents.

FREDERICK.

I think, however, your friend would have past his time very heavily at the farm.



## WILLIAM.

Those days would soon have been over, but the recollection of having done right, my mother says, is a lasting pleasure.

We then turned towards home; it was a very fine evening, and I wanted Frederick to observe the beautiful country, and wondered he could pass through such pleasing scenes with indifference. It is with you, I hope, to wander over these pleasant walks; in the mean time be happy, and think of your friend

WILLIAM.

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 LETTER VIII.

CHARLES to WILLIAM.

THIS morning I set out, with Dr. Bartlett, for the country where my father's estate is situated. I shall not have many opportunities of sending letters to you, yet I shall not neglect to write.

The account you gave me of Frederick does not prejudice me in his favour.

I was obliged to leave off suddenly when I had written thus, for my cousin G—, who accompanied us part of the way, came to tell me that Dr. Bartlett was waiting for me. We left him near home, and for some time we missed his sprightly sallies; but his taste for humour, to which I

think he is too much addicted, often hurt me while we were on the road. The first instance, that I now recollect, had a reference to Dr. Bartlett.

As the good old man was stepping out of his carriage, his foot slipped, and he fell with great force on the ground. While I assisted him to rise, I turned my eyes on my cousin, whom I saw endeavouring in vain to smother a laugh; at last he was obliged to run into the house to give way to it, out of our hearing. I felt that I was red with anger; nothing displeases me more than to hear any one laugh at an accident. I have often heard people say they cannot help it, but in my opinion it is a great proof of insensibility. The most ludicrous accident never makes me smile when I see a fellow-creature, or even an animal, in pain. I could not forbear communicating my sentiments to my cousin as soon as we were alone.

CHARLES.

I have often heard you say you loved and esteemed Dr. Bartlett.

JAMES.

Yes; why do you doubt it?

CHARLES.

And yet when you saw him fall, not knowing whether he had hurt himself, you began to laugh, and flew into the house without making any inquiries.

JAMES.

It is not in my power to avoid laughing when

I see any one fall in a ridiculous manner; when the Doctor's wig fell off, he looked so droll—I cannot help laughing, even now, when I think of it.

CHARLES.

You can avoid laughing if you will; you have a good heart, I have seen you feel compassion.

JAMES.

No, it is not want of compassion; and yet it is true I cannot keep myself from laughing: I wish I knew the reason.

CHARLES.

Let us try to find it out. Suppose you saw a man without an arm or a leg, who did every thing in an awkward laughable manner, yet an inclination to laugh would be instantly restrained by fear of offending an unfortunate fellow-creature: but let the hat fly off on one side, and the wig on the other, and then you instantly laugh, without remembering a leg or an arm may soon be broken.

JAMES.

I believe you are right.

CHARLES.

It is best, then, to fix your attention on the severe pain a person may suffer, and then your involuntary laughter would subside into pity.

JAMES.

I fear this will not help me much.

CHARLES.

You fear, then, that your heart is not good.

JAMES.

No, not so neither, for I declare to you, I was very sorry when I saw Dr. Bartlett had hurt himself, and then I had no inclination to laugh.

CHARLES.

Then I am right ; the laugh ceased as soon as you gave way to compassion, and of course this thoughtless unfeeling mirth may be restrained. Indeed if you had considered a moment, you would have felt the impropriety, and been ashamed of yourself ; what, laugh when a respectable old man had hurt himself!—Dr. Bartlett now entered, and we changed the subject.

In the evening we went a walking together, and passed by a miserable hut, at the door of which a poor old blind man stood. His grey hair hung about his hollow cheeks, which poverty seemed to have deeply marked ; it was wet with the labours of the day, for he had been turning a wheel, as I found afterwards ; his trembling hands were supported by a crutch, on which his chin rested, and his clouded eyes were turned up to heaven without receiving a ray of light. You shall hear the conversation that this sight produced.

CHARLES.

What unhappy wretches there are in the world ! look at that old man, cousin.

JAMES.

You are always looking at what gives you pain.

CHARLES.

He is blind and old, I cannot help pitying him.

JAMES.

But your pity will not restore his sight: let us go on, it is growing dark.

CHARLES.

No, I must first ask him if he has any children.

JAMES.

Nonsense! Why should you ask him such a question?

CHARLES.

Because it would relieve me to find that he had good children; I should not then think him so unhappy, they will certainly wait on him, serve, and comfort him. We next spoke to the old man, and I heard with pleasure that he had a worthy daughter, who works hard to maintain him, and he himself, sometimes, turns a wheel, and does other things, that blind men can do.

My cousin's fondness for tricks now led him to commit an act of cruelty that made me very angry. I gave the blind man a trifle, and James, when he left the house, felt in his pocket a little while, and then slipped something into his hand, saying, there is a guinea for you. Joy was visible in every feature of the old man's face. We



stepped forward. How I love you! exclaimed I, you have done a noble action. And do you think I would give a guinea to a stranger, replied he. I interrupted him, with surprise,—You told him so; what did you give him? It was only a new shilling.

Vexation and anger tied my tongue: at last I could not help speaking with some resentment. Such a trick does you little honour; deceit is a detestable thing when done to procure any advantage; but what extreme cruelty to sport with the poverty of a blind old man. Did not his look of pleasure wound your conscience? You must have a heart of stone if it did not touch you! Fine preaching! exclaimed he; and he caught hold of my arm to make me quicken my pace, but I rushed from him, and obeyed the impulse of my heart. I returned to the old man, thrust a guinea into his hand, and soon overtook James, who then appeared ashamed, guessing what I had been doing, for I dropped the subject, and only mention it to you.

C H A R L E S.

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## LETTER IX.

C H A R L E S to W I L L I A M.

I AM now arrived at the farm, dear William; the day is just beginning to dawn; the farmers are going whistling to work, whilst I am writing to my friend. You know I have been accus-  
 tom-  
 ed to sit at my desk, and write to you, until the sun

ed to rise early, and it would be now irksome to me to lie in bed the sweetest hours of the day. I am, at this moment, sitting near an open window, and the birds, just awake, are hopping from branch to branch; the flowers seem revived by the dew; in short, there is a delightful freshness in the morning which gives me a new flow of spirits. Is this, thought I, casting my eyes around, the desert my mother supposed would prove dreary to me? I am going to take a ride, in order to visit some of the tenants houses, and even the little huts, that I may be able to give my father a just account of the estate, and prevail on him to relieve those I find in distress.

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I am now returned, and will give you an account how I have spent my time. I was particularly affected by the sight of an old infirm woman, who had taken the charge of two children, when their parents, her son and daughter, suddenly died. They were unexpectedly snatched away, and left their helpless orphans entirely destitute, with no relation to look up to for support during their infant years, except a grandmother, who was scarcely able to earn a subsistence for herself. The house, or rather the hut, in which I found them by accident, did but just screen them from the inclemency of the weather. My father would not let his dogs live in such a wretched hovel. As I was riding leisurely along, my attention was roused by the sobbing of a little girl of about six years old, who

cried bitterly ; a boy, still younger, stood by her, and desired her not to cry, for he would fish it out. They then ran to a well, and I dismounted to follow them, and enquire what they had lost, fearing they might fall in. And what do you think, William, it was he wanted to fish up? Alas! a little piece of bread that his sister had dropped into the water, which was very muddy. Let that dirty piece sink, said I, I will go into the house for another piece for you. No, no, said the poor girl, again weeping, she has none for herself, nor any money to buy a loaf to-day. I often put in my pocket a piece of bread to give my horse on the road, I had now half a roll, which I immediately gave her. Joy beamed in her countenance, she smiled amidst her tears, and breaking it into two, gave half to her brother ; my heart was moved, I could not be satisfied with having given to two human beings only the morsel I designed for my horse. Their hut was at some distance from the village, to which I found the old woman could seldom crawl ; I was determined to go and procure them a breakfast, and again mounted my horse, rode to the village, and entered a chandler's shop, and bought some bread and cheese. The man behind the counter viewed me from head to foot ; I felt at first a little ashamed, and then felt vexed with myself for being so. I quickly returned to the hut, and was, indeed, a most welcome visitant. The children kissed my hand, and the old woman, when I gave her half a guinea, almost wept for joy.

I intend particularly to recommend these poor objects to my father's notice, and meanwhile have given orders that the hut should be repaired, and some fuel and provisions sent them from the farm.

I could not forbear, as I rode home, continually anticipating the pleasure I should experience, when I saw them again in a more comfortable abode, with a little garden and some other conveniencies; since they suffer enough without having the wind rushing through every corner of the house, and the rain oozing through the thatch when they are in bed. When I am a man I hope I shall never forget the resolutions I have now made, one of the principal is, to see myself that my poor tenants and labourers always have a comfortable warm habitation; I will try too to remember that health is more necessary to them than to the rich, and that it is my duty to render their situation easy. Adieu.

CHARLES.

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## LETTER X.

CHARLES to WILLIAM.

I AM now again with my good Dr. Bartlett at a small, but pleasant, country seat, belonging to a widow, his sister-in-law, who has but one daughter, an agreeable, and indeed a very handsome girl. As she has always lived in the country with her mother, she has had time to improve

## YOUNG GRANDISON.

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her understanding, by reading to her books calculated to improve a young mind. Dr. Bartlett has kept up a constant correspondence with her, in which they have discussed the different subjects of her reading; such as natural philosophy, geography, astronomy, and history. But these employments have not so engrossed her time, as to prevent her learning to sing, draw, and dance; nay, the Doctor tells me, that she has, for a year or two past, and she is now but eighteen, had the management of the house; she rises so early that all family affairs are settled before breakfast, and do not interfere with her other employments. Henrietta sings, works, and reads, all the day, and I never saw any one have a finer bloom, or a more cheerful countenance. The Doctor calls me. Adieu.

CHARLES.

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## LETTER XI.

CHARLES to WILLIAM.

DR. BARTLETT went this morning to visit an old friend, and left me to comfort the females, as he, smiling, said, who would have been quite disconsolate, if they had lost both their beaux at once. I enjoy here all the pleasures of the country; ride, walk, and go on the water, with the sons of a neighbouring clergyman, whom he has educated himself. They are modest, sensible young men, and so far advanced in their studies,



that I felt yesterday evening, after our conversation, a little vexed with myself for not having made a better use of my time; I shall rub the dust off my Greek and Latin books when I return to Grandison Hall. Yet in spite of their knowledge, they have not neglected accomplishments; I assure you, we had, yesterday evening, a very good concert, in which they bore a part—but I am interrupted.

I have been very much shocked—a messenger brought me a letter from my poor cousin Edward, scarcely legible, for it must have been written by a trembling hand—in short, William, he has been wounded in a duel, and intreats me to come to him. Heaven knows what danger he may be in; and as to his antagonist, the letter is quite silent in this respect; I fear, lest he should have the blood of a fellow-creature on his head. What can I do, his letter is very pressing, and the danger immediate and great; I do not like to go without consulting my tutor; and yet, if I wait for it, Edward may expire before I see him; besides, I do not wish to interrupt the pleasure he has promised himself in the society of an old college friend, whom he has not seen these ten years: Harry, too, is gone with him.—I must consider a moment—Well, my friend, I am going; they are now saddling my horse, and the kind mistress of the house has recommended an honest young man, who is acquainted with the road, to accompany me. As the Doctor is not expected home these two or three days, I hope, before his return, to send him a more

satisfactory account of an affair, which I know will make him very uneasy, for he has always considered his pupils in the light of children. Should he return before my letter can reach this house, his sister will account for my conduct, which meets with her approbation. Farewell, I have at least forty miles to ride before night.

C H A R L E S.

LE T T E R   X I I.

C H A R L E S   *to*   W I L L I A M.

I AM writing now by Edward's bed-side; he has received a very dangerous, but I hope not a mortal wound, though his fever is very high. Young Atkins, who was his antagonist, set off for France an hour after the duel. From every account I can gather, he was the aggressor; a trifling joke at the mess, after dinner, so exasperated this furious man, that he loaded Edward with the most opprobrious epithets. Edward was obliged to take notice of them, or quit the army with dishonour. Such are the false notions that prevail, that a man of real courage must risk his life when a drunkard or a fool insults him; that life which is only due to his country, is sported away in consequence of a drunken frolic. I am glad, my friend, I am not in the army, I should not like to appear a coward, or enter into a broil to obtain the name that every

boaster, who neither fears God, nor loves his friends, purchases with the blood of a fellow-creature. I hope, however, I shall never be in such a situation.

Edward is now asleep; it would be cruel to remind him that he was ever too fond of a jest; how often have I seen him give extreme pain by laughing at some peculiarity, or catching up some strange expression to play on, and hurt the feelings of the person who uttered it, whose visible distress never silenced his laugh.

I will give you some account of my journey, when he is again disposed to sleep; now I must go and take some refreshment, as I feel myself very much exhausted.

I will now give you the promised account. I sat off the moment after I had finished my letter; the day was uncommonly hot, and the heavy sandy road very unpleasant, as we could not ride so quick as we wished to do. My heart, which seemed ready to fly to Edward, was very anxious and impatient; but what could impatience avail, it only served to make the time appear longer. This anxiety, and the hot beams of the sun, gave me a severe head-ach, and I was glad, after riding three or four hours, to meet with a comfortable inn. I was obliged to rest a short time my head was so very bad, but my earnest desire to go forward soon roused me, and prevented me thinking of being overtaken by the night, for the sun was setting apace. We were assured the roads were very safe, and a genteel

looking man informed me, that he had frequently travelled the same way himself when there was no moon, without any apprehension of danger; he then added, that as we seemed to be in a hurry, he would advise us to take a short cut through a wood, by which means we should gain two miles.

We followed the advice of the stranger, but when we were in the by-road, it appeared so gloomy, that I was sorry we entered it; not a single man did we meet during the space of half an hour; at last we heard, at a distance behind us, some persons on horseback in a full gallop. I stopped, not thinking of any danger; on the contrary, having been a little afraid of the dreary solitude which then surrounded us, I was glad to hear human voices; it was to me, at that moment, almost as if I had seen a friend; but how egregiously was I deceived. We were quickly overtaken by four stout men, who fiercely demanded my money. It was to no purpose to parley with them, and I was obliged to give up my watch, purse, and even my great coat. Happy may I think myself that I escaped with my life, for I was so imprudent as to speak to one of them, whom, to my great astonishment, I discovered to be the very well-dressed man who directed us to take this road; I did feel very angry, and would have given the world to have punished him for his perfidy.

Behold me, then, without a coat; my honest fellow-traveller offered to lend me his, which they did not think worth taking from him, but

he seemed less able to bear the cold of the night than myself, so I would not accept of his offer. We then spurred our horses and rode on, and tried to laugh at our adventure, in which, indeed, we did not make a very noble figure; though it would have been fool hardy to have attempted to resist four strong men, something like fighting a windmill, or storming the moon. Why then do I feel a little hurt at having been robbed? To say the truth, that fellow's treachery vexed me more than the loss of my money: but I have gained something by my experience; I will never talk of my own affairs when I am travelling, or too soon make an acquaintance on the road. Farewell.

CHARLES.

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LETTER XIII.

CHARLES to WILLIAM.

EDWARD is much better, which gives me great pleasure on every account; his hot-headed antagonist may now safely return to his regiment. Edward was very anxious about him: if I should die, said he, when the surgeon thought him in danger, pray intreat Sir Charles to endeavour to obtain a pardon for young Atkins, who has only his commission to depend on; he is passionate I knew it, and yet provoked him by my unfeeling jest; if I recover, I will be



more prudent for the future. It gave me great pleasure to hear him talk so; and I hope this illness will make a good impression on his mind.

Three o'clock in the afternoon.—What an agreeable surprise—my father is just arrived, and does not disapprove of my conduct! He turned pale when he heard of the robbery, and thanked heaven that had preserved him a son, whose loss he should have deplored with his latest breath. I tell you this in the pride of my heart; how sweet is the praise of a parent! Edward was glad to see him, and acknowledged his fault. I must not be long absent from this dear parent. Adieu.



## LETTER XIV.

CHARLES to WILLIAM.

EDWARD is so far recovered as to be able to travel; he is to set off to-morrow for Grandison Hall, and I am to return to my tutor. When I reach home I will finish this letter.

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Well, here I am once more with my good friends. I reached home without meeting with any disagreeable occurrence, and my tutor received me with his usual kindness, but I observed a gloom on his countenance which made me very uneasy. Before he went to bed, he began

to write a letter, and was visibly agitated while he was writing. As I know the Doctor has such firmness of mind, that a trifle would not affect him, I was very desirous to know what was the matter, and I think my curiosity arose from affection, yet I am afraid it has led me to act wrong, for when he left the room for a moment, I crept softly to his writing table to read the unfinished letter. It was to a brother who had sustained some heavy loss in trade, which involved him and a large family in the greatest distress. I suddenly threw down the letter, before I had read half of it, as if I had been committing a robbery, and severely reproached myself for having pryed into his secret, though I think I was led to it by the restless anxiety I felt when I saw him unhappy; but this does not excuse me—I have been very much to blame—I blush for shame—I have injured my friend, and I have injured myself; I shall be afraid to look him in the face; what a coward does guilt make us! I can write no more, I am out of humour with myself.

C H A R L E S.

L E T T E R   X V.

C H A R L E S   *to*   W I L L I A M,

PITY me, my friend; Dr. Bartlett has just received a letter from Grandison Hall; he instantly informed me, with seeming emotion, that

there was not the least danger, but that my mother was ill, and that if I pleased, we would set off in the morning. Do you say, my dear Sir, if I please; my heart is there already; my mother in danger, and her son so far off! I never was so low spirited in my life; I am sure the Doctor softens the matter to me. I received a few lines from Emilia, delivered privately to me by the servant, which made me very uneasy; I will transcribe part of it.

“ Dear, dear Charles,

“ What a misfortune happened yesterday! our dear mother suddenly fainted, and I was afraid she was dead; I was alone with her, sitting at my work, and did not perceive her change countenance, so that she was on the ground before I could afford her any assistance. My loud cries brought the servants, but not before I had got my arm under her head: I kissed her forehead, and called upon her a hundred times, as if I could recall her to life. The surgeon soon arrived, and bled her, and in about half an hour she came to herself again. But what did I suffer during that dreadful interval! I wished a thousand times that you were here. Do not delay a moment, dear brother, if you love me; I shall be much easier, I know, when you are with me. We shall assist each other in nursing her, for I will never leave her a moment to care of strangers; I remember how she sat with us when we had the small-pox and measles, and if she was out of danger, I should feel a pleasure in convincing her, that I love her as dearly as she loves me.”

This is a short transcript, William, of my dear girl's letter; for with a full heart she has written the same thing over and over again. We shall leave this the first peep of day, and you may expect the earliest account of my mother's state of health.

CHARLES.

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LETTER XVI.

CHARLES *to* WILLIAM.

MY mother is out of danger; my sister's letter made me very apprehensive; the tenderness of her nature makes her tremble at the least indisposition that attacks her parents, and she exaggerates the danger, till she is unable to see things as they really are. But why do I blame her? What have I not suffered myself through anxiety, in my way hither? I sometimes feared my mother was already dead, and we appeared to ride too fast forward: I was afraid to approach the hall one minute, and the next was in a violent perspiration through my eagerness to reach it. In short, William, I had a continual palpitation at my heart, and now find myself by no means well. But I shall not complain; in the morning probably I shall be better.

The time draws near, the time I so eagerly look for, when I was to have visited Holland: all my hopes seem like a dream, and it appears

to me wrong even to think of it. I will go and take a little walk in the garden, it may, perhaps, refresh me.

I do not seem much the better for my walk, but I am glad I went, and I will tell you why. As I was going down the lane by the side of the garden, which you know leads to the high road, such a weariness came over me I was obliged to sit down. After resting some moments I rose up, and without considering where I was going, turned down the public road. May we not suppose, William, that heaven directs our steps to be serviceable to our fellow-creatures? for I saw, as I advanced, not far from me, a little child about three years old; it seemed tired, and stood still when it perceived me. At first I supposed some person was near; but not seeing any one, I began to be uneasy, and when it turned from me, offered it some flowers which I had gathered in my way; this I did with a smiling aspect, and enquired what was its name, and where it lived? It could only lisp out a few words, such as that its name was Jemmy, and that it lived yonder, pointing with its hand, I could not tell where, for you know there is no house near; I could only make out that it had been a long time seeking its manumy.

The evening was growing dusky, and still no person appeared; I quickly imagined the poor mother's feelings when she missed her child, and would have given any thing to be able to have restored him to her; but as that was impossible, I was determined to take him with me, and leave



him at our gardener's house, till he should find out to whom he belonged. I was obliged to carry him, for he began to cry, when he saw we turned out of the high road, and I found it rather troublesome on account of my weakness, but my resolution gave me strength, and I gave it in charge to the gardener's wife, who promised to take care of it. In the morning a servant is to go through the neighbouring villages to enquire about the mother. Farewell.

C H A R L E S.



## LETTER XVII.

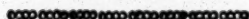
EMILIA *to* CHARLOTTE.

MY mother is now out of danger, my dear Charlotte, but Charles went to bed last night very ill, and is it to be wondered at, after the perturbation of mind he has lately gone through? Heaven preserve me such a brother! The time seemed so long while he was away, that I do not know how I should live without him.

He found a lost child last night, and brought it in his arms to our gardener, and desired him to take care of it until we could find out the mother. She came this morning, and informed us, that she had been all the night wandering about in search of it. I was very much affected by the poor woman's gratitude; but would you believe it, a certain young gentleman presumed

to say to Edward, this morning, that he thought Charles had acted imprudently: what would he have done, added he, if the child had never been claimed? Did you ever hear such cold-hearted reasoning, Charlotte? Who would have thought of such a thing, when the poor child was in such immediate distress; yet this same prudent gentleman took home, some time ago, only actuated by pity, a great dog that ran after him. Edward told him of this, and asked him how it was possible that any one who could have so much pity for an animal able to preserve itself from danger, and find something to eat, should have so little compassion for a helpless child? He was at a loss what to say, and soon after took his leave, as I must do for the present.

EMILIA.



## LETTER XVIII.

EMILIA to CHARLOTTE.

YOU desire that I will send you as early an account as possible of Charles's health; he is, I fear, very ill. In order to conceal it from my mother, he tried to employ himself, but in vain. I am with him every moment I can leave my mother; and this morning we had a conversation, which I will relate. He asked me to put by his drawings, and he looked so altered, that

my eyes filled with tears, and I turned my head from him to conceal them; but it did not escape his observation. He caught me by the hand, and said, Why, dear Emilia, are you so sorrowful?

EMILIA.

It is nothing—I shall be chearful again presently.

CHARLES.

But you are weeping, dear sister?

EMILIA.

Well, I will dry my tears, and cry no more, for I see your tears begin to start.

CHARLES.

Do not on that account restrain them, they will relieve you; but tell me what makes you so sad?

EMILIA.

Why, brother, are you not sick?

CHARLES.

This proof of your sisterly affection raises you in my esteem, but your tenderness ought not to blind your reason; I am not well, it is true, yet there is not the least appearance of danger.

EMILIA.

You are so good, God must certainly love you; why then are you afflicted?

CHARLES.

My tutor has often told me it is no sign that God does not love us, because we are in affliction. Sicknes and sorrow are as necessary for us in this

world as every other event ; we are in the hands of a tender father, who knoweth our frame, and will not afflict us more than is necessary for our good.

EMILIA.

I hope God will forgive me, if I have spoken rashly. May you quickly be restored, for the danger I see you in is almost too much for me.

CHARLES.

You imagine, then, that I am in greater danger now than when I am in health.

EMILIA.

And so you are, I believe.

CHARLES.

No, my dear, we have no more reason to fear upon our sick bed, than when we are in lively company, taking a walk, or on the stormy sea. We are always under the protection of our Creator ; he can preserve us, or call us hence whenever he thinks fit.

EMILIA.

We appear, I think, nearer death when we are sick than when we are in a good state of health.

CHARLES.

We *appear*, you say, but that appearance deceives us, and we are led to think so because God commonly calls us out of the world by sickness ; this seems the usual way, and we suppose that death is at a distance when we are in a confirmed state of health ; yet we are, in the very midst of our pleasures, near the grave. For

instance, when you are singing, or dancing, a dreadful fire may burst out, and none may have power to escape; nay, without such an unforeseen accident, a single glass of cold water, after such an amusement, has often occasioned death. Who would then presume to say, that they have many years of pleasure to come?

EMILIA.

I believe you are right.

CHARLES.

How many people recover when they have been given over by physicians, whilst those apparently in health die suddenly?

EMILIA.

You comfort me, dear brother, you set my heart at rest; and I hope you will soon get the better of this complaint.

CHARLES.

I shall be thankful to God, if he allows me to remain sometime longer with my parents and friends.

EMILIA.

It seems you are not afraid of death.

CHARLES.

I have already told you that I wish to live. Heaven grant me life, if I always have the same desire to do good; but may it be taken away from me this instant, if there is a possibility that I should ever forget my duty.

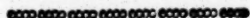
EMILIA.

O let us talk no more of death, brother!



Here I must stop, my mother has sent for me ; pray for my dear Charles, and I shall love you still better.

EMILIA.



## LETTER XIX.

EMILIA to CHARLOTTE.

I HAVE another proof to give you of Charles's good disposition, but first let me tell you he is much better. After I had finished my letter to you yesterday evening, I went into Charles's room again, and found him and Edward looking over some drawings ; amongst them was the mount of a fan, which Charles had finished with more than usual care, intending to surprise our dear parent with it. Though he is very modest when speaking of his own performances, yet he spoke of this with some degree of satisfaction, and mentioned the length of time he had been about it. He desired me to cover it with silver paper, adding, that he would rather lose all the rest of his drawings than this.

We were now called down to supper ; about half an hour after we were seated at table it began to rain very fast, and Charles recollecting that he had left one of the windows of his room open, was going himself to shut it, but my mother called him back, not thinking it safe that he should expose himself to the night air, and desired one of the servants to go.

Well, we went to bed at our usual hour, but I had scarcely reached my room before I heard Edward cry out, What do I see! I ran to him, and judge of my vexation, when I saw the fan mount in his hand almost entirely consumed: Charles at that moment entered the chamber; he said nothing, but looked a little angry, supposing we had played him a trick. What think you, said Edward? the careless boy that did this deserves to be turned out of doors. No, said Charles, I was afraid you had done it to tease me; if it was only an accident, though it is vexatious, I will endeavour to remedy it by doing another much better: however, let us enquire about it. They did so, and the servant who had shut the window, owned that he had put a candle on the table which was loose in the socket, and that it fell out, and set fire to the paper, and almost burnt the whole mount, before he could put it out. The boy seemed very sorry, and begged Charles not to tell his father, lest he should be turned away for his carelessness, for he had often been desired never to put a candle on a table covered with papers. Edward would not listen to him, and said it was all a lie; but Charles said it was not impossible, and that he would not mention it to his father or mother, as he should be sorry to have a servant turned away who appeared to be sorry for what he had done, only desired him never to touch any papers again in his room.

EDWARD.

Well, you are very good-natured, Charles; if this had happened to me, I should never have forgiven him.

CHARLES.

That would not have restored my drawing.

EDWARD.

No, but the careless fellow would have been punished; and that would have been some comfort: such a loss would vex my very heart.

EMILIA.

It is, indeed, very unfortunate.

CHARLES.

No, I do not call it a misfortune, sister.

EMILIA.

How, do not you think that a misfortune?

CHARLES.

You make me smile—I shall soon forget my drawing, it was only a trial of temper; my mother's sickness was a misfortune, indeed, and the poor woman who had lost her child had reason to weep; but what admits of a remedy, should not be called a misfortune, it is only a momentary vexation. And after all, I was the person to blame, it was I who was careless; if I had locked up my drawing, or shut the window myself, this accident would not have happened.

EMILIA.

But, Charles, will you begin another?

## CHARLES.

Yes, certainly, and perhaps it may be much better, for another design has just entered my head.

He then wished me a good night, and I must do the same.

I am glad I did not entirely fill up my paper, and yet I shall not say much, I am so dull. Edward has just left us to join his regiment. My tears fall while I write. I do not like these separations; I wish those whom I love were always to remain with me!

Charles has just mentioned to my father, a circumstance that he appeared to be much ashamed of. I have not time to write the particulars; I can only now tell you, that he read a part of one of Dr. Bartlett's letters, without his leave; he saw the Doctor in great distress, and was so anxious to know what occasioned it, that he acted contrary to his own notions of honour. This letter contained an account of some misfortunes that had befallen the Doctor's family, which he, from a motive of delicacy, concealed from my father, thinking he had already done too much for them.

My father went instantly to his friend, with whom he had a long conversation, and after he returned to his study, he sent for Charles, and mildly addressed him.

## SIR CHARLES.

I have at last prevailed on my friend to state the whole affair to me, and it will soon be settled

to his satisfaction. And now let me caution you, my son, never to let even your affection induce you to pry into the secrets of others: a good end does not justify the improper means employed to reach it. Honour is a sacred thing, and no motive should influence us to trifle with fixed principles—our views are bounded, and we ought to adhere to strict rules, not knowing how to modify them. Your youthful warmth now pleads in your favour; I am acquainted with the goodness of your heart; but goodness should ever be restrained by duty, or it will not uniformly actuate our conduct.

My father then smiled on Charles, adding, this is a caution, and not a reproof.

I have almost written another letter. Believe me ever your's.

EMILIA.

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## LETTER VII.

WILLIAM to CHARLES.

Dear Grandison,

I HAVE been very uneasy on your account, and need not tell you what a relief it was to my heart to hear of your recovery. I neglected my music; all my employments were a task to me, whilst I imagined you were sick; the sorrow is now over, and I only dream of seeing you; surely it will not be long first.



I will now relate a circumstance that does not do me much honour ; but it will relieve me to confess my fault.

A few weeks ago, when my mother received her annuity, she made me a present of twelve ducats, that I might buy myself a new coat before you came ; but as the clothes I brought with me from England are yet very good, I determined not to purchase it till just before I set off for England, that I might have something new to appear in before Lady Grandison and Emilia. Last week, however, when my mother and sister were visiting a friend for a few days, a young gentleman of my acquaintance came to drink tea with me, and mentioned by chance that a bargain had fallen in his way that very afternoon. A handsome new coat, that had never been worn, had been offered him very cheap, by a person in distress, and that he should certainly have bought it, had it not been rather too little for him. Being less than him I thought that it might fit me, and enquired, with some earnestness, if he would buy it for me. Very readily, he replied ; I will get it this evening. He asked ten ducats for it, but I dare say you may have it for six. Accordingly he sent it me in the evening ; and I found it, as he said, very good. I must confess it pleased me. Ten ducats were demanded for it ; I offered eight, and at last gave nine, convinced that it was very cheap.

I then thought how agreeably I should surprise my mother. When she returned home, I eager-

ly brought the coat, and asked her what she thought of it, and if it pleased her? She replied, exceedingly, but this undoubtedly cost you more than twelve ducats? Much less, interrupted I; I gave no more than nine for it. I looked at her, expecting to see her smile, but, to my great surprise, saw her assume a very serious countenance, saying, that coat is worth fourteen or fifteen ducats, and did you buy it for nine? I had a better opinion of your principles: the person who sold it was probably impelled by poverty, and could you find in your heart to give but half the value for it?—could you defraud the poor? Would you not, every time you put it on, think with concern of him whose misfortunes you took advantage of. Ah! my dear mother, I have done wrong: you really think it worth fourteen ducats, I will instantly go and seek for the owner: my cousin made me a present yesterday, to buy something new with before I went to London; let me do justice, and give my six ducats to the necessitous owner of my coat whom I inconsiderately injured. Indeed I would not add to the misery of the unfortunate. Go, William, replied she, and let it make you more prudent for the future; a man of honour must never buy any thing for less than the value, because it is always sold by a person in distress, or by some one who has obtained it in a dishonest manner, and with such, an honest man must have no dealings. To overreach a person in any respect is worse than a robbery, because here you do not expose yourself to any danger.

A mean action is generally done to save money for some selfish pleasure ; justice is the foundation of every virtue, and he who does not respect himself, will never be a virtuous character.

I was ashamed of my fault, as you may suppose, and could not be easy until I went to pay the money, and make an apology for my conduct. I found that the coat was bought of a young man whose mother was in great distress ; my heart smote me when I heard of it. How glad I am my mother shewed me this action in its true light ; for having heard many people speak with pleasure of a bargain, I thought I had done something very clever.

I have learned from this accident to distrust my own judgment, and shall constantly apply to my mother for advice, till I have more experience to judge for myself. How painful it is not to have the means of doing good, for I now think I ought to have sent back the coat, and to have made that dutiful son a present of the money ; but then my mother could not afford to buy me another coat when I want it, and I must submit to my circumstances. Farewell, my dear Charles ; remember me to all my kind friends at Grandison Hall, not forgetting Emilia.

WILLIAM.

## LETTER XXI.

EMILIA *to* CHARLOTTE.

WHAT a fright have I had, and what anxiety and distress have I gone through! I must tell you all, and I know you will pity me. We were allowed yesterday to pay a visit to a gentleman, whose seat is about two hours ride from our house. Harry, our faithful Harry, (who came to live with us again after the death of his mother) went with us.

We spent a very pleasant day, and set out again for Grandison Hall about half past five o'clock. Harry seemed rather to lag behind, and we every now and then waited for him. We were conversing some time without thinking of him, when Charles looked round, and immediately perceived he was not with us. I was alarmed, and I saw that Charles was distressed. I think I see him yonder, said he; we will return, perhaps there is something the matter with his horse. We returned accordingly, but Charles went a little before me, because he was afraid of discovering something dreadful. And so indeed it proved. Never shall I forget the horror I felt when I saw Harry stretched motionless on the ground, the horse standing by as if he wished to take care of his rider. I called out for help, not recollecting there was nobody within hearing; Charles quickly dismounted, and bid me make myself easy: easy,

cried I—alone in this solitary road in the evening with a dying man. Charles had advanced to Harry in the mean time, and assured me he was not dead. I would then have got off my horse, but my brother desired me to sit still; notwithstanding this, I jumped off without thinking, and immediately the horse ran away. My brother had pulled off his coat to lay under Harry's head. Harry still remained insensible. Imagine, Charlotte, my distress; I saw my brother was very much perplexed; but I will give you our conversation.

EMILIA.

My dear Charles, what will you do, it is dark already?

CHARLES.

I hope some traveller will soon go by who may afford us assistance. But where is your horse, my dear?

EMILIA.

My horse!—it was here just now. I was so anxious about Harry, that I did not perceive when he left me.

CHARLES.

He will find his way home; it cannot now be helped; but you should have secured him, sister, when you dismounted.

EMILIA.

It was very foolish, but I was so desirous to assist you I forgot every thing else.



CHARLES.

I know your good heart, Emilia.

EMILIA.

Dear brother, I am very anxious, who knows what may happen to us in this lonely road; we have nobody with us.

CHARLES.

Do not let us be too solicitous about our own safety; do you not see a fellow-creature dying near you: and can you think of the trifling inconveniences we may be exposed to?—God is with us.

He uttered this in a solemn tone of voice, and then looking at me with tenderness, entreated me to be calm. Picture to yourself now your friend Charles, without his coat, upon one knee, holding his right arm under Harry's head, and with his left softly rubbing his temples: and every now and then he turned his eyes to heaven, and I saw the tears streaming down his cheeks.

EMILIA.

You sigh and weep in such a manner, Charles—is Harry dead?

CHARLES.

No, Emilia, he is yet living—perhaps he might yet be restored, could I obtain any help. God be merciful, said he, I cannot afford him any assistance—what shall I do?

EMILIA.

Since you are not able to afford him any assistance, had we not better——

CHARLES.

No, we must not go and leave a man to his fate who is insensible: he would not have served us so: misfortunes level all imaginary distinctions in life: he would have ventured his life for us; we must do as we would be done by. How attentive was he to me in my last illness! Here the tears came again into his eyes.

EMILIA.

And must we remain here all night?

CHARLES.

It may not be necessary; we must first think of doing right, and then leave the issue to God. Can we expect that he will have compassion on us if we shew none? I should never be happy if I left this dying man.

EMILIA.

And so you forget what our father and mother are suffering at this instant, on account of our staying out so late.

CHARLES.

Can you suppose so, Emilia?—Oh, that somebody would come to our assistance! Try to calm your mind, my dear sister, I beseech you. I wish I had happened to have been alone, I should then have waited patiently to see the will of heaven.

EMILIA.

I am frightened—I heard something.

CHARLES.

You heard nothing but the falling of the leaves: come sit down here, Emilia, by me on the grass.

EMILIA.

We are very unfortunate!

CHARLES.

No, say not so; let us show that we are not inhuman, by thinking more of others than ourselves, who are not in any immediate danger.

EMILIA.

I will now endeavour to be easy; but I cannot help thinking of my father and mother.

CHARLES.

They will think that Harry is with us, and that we are very safe.

Charles then suddenly started up, and I saw Harry struggle violently:—for heaven's sake, Emilia, walk away a little, said he, Harry is in a fit. I did so, for I was terrified. I turned round a moment, after hearing Charles cry out, Gracious God, Harry is dead, sister.—I was going to speak, but he begged me to compose myself; and then stood silently five or six minutes till he was certain the poor man had breathed his last. Charles took his coat, which lay under Harry's head, and spread it over the body. While he was doing it he trembled very

much, for I held his arm, afraid to go from him, when I saw, for the first time, a corpse. At last a violent flood of tears relieved him, and he took my hand, saying, now it is time to go—we have nothing more to do, for he is indeed dead. He made me get up behind him, as I was afraid to leave him. Oh, Charlotte, it is a dreadful thing to see a fellow-creature die! I shall never forget that evening.

We rode forward with great speed; and I could scarcely believe that we had left Harry behind, it all appeared like a frightful dream. About two hundred yards from the house, we heard two horses in full gallop, coming towards us. I trembled like a leaf, and dreaded lest some new misfortune awaited us; but how great was my joy when I saw my father himself with Robert. I found they had all been in great confusion on account of the return of my horse, which one of the servants saw quietly feeding on the lawn. I cannot describe to you, my dear, with what fond affection I flew into the arms of my tender mother, who had undergone so much uneasiness on our account; I scarcely thought myself in safety till she pressed me to her heart—how glad I was to see all the people alive round me.

While I related the event, Charles sent a servant to take care of the body. My father said it might have been better had we returned immediately for assistance; yet he believed that he should not have left him in such a situation had he been there himself. I know you will be glad

to hear that we are not much the worse for our fright, and that I am sincerely yours.

EMILIA.

P. S. Charles is to set off for Holland next Thursday. He has promised to write to me very often, to make the time appear shorter. I told you before, that I hate these partings; but he will soon return, and bring our old friend William with him, and his mother and sister. Mean time I expect to have your company—do come, or I shall be quite dull.

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LETTER XXII.

CHARLES to EMILIA.

DRIVE away your fears with respect to a sea voyage, my dear sister, for mine has been a very speedy one, though we were overtaken in our passage by a dreadful storm. You know on shore I can talk very philosophically of a storm as highly necessary to purify the air; but on the sea, where the view is almost boundless, and one seems particularly exposed to its fury, I felt myself struck with a solemn kind of dread: it was as if the clouds were pouring with accumulated fury, from the four quarters of the heavens, to burst over our heads. Never did I observe the lightning with so much attention as in that wide extensive prospect. It really was a fearful, but at the same time a beautiful sight; I trembled while I gazed, I do not pretend to deny it and



the distress of some of my fellow-travellers almost infected me with fears that my reason condemned, until I began to think it was a kind of mistrust of the goodness of heaven, which I had so often experienced, when I gave myself up to unreasonable fears. I soon, then, grew more composed, but I was moved with indignation when I heard the foolish jests of two young fellows after the storm was over; for it appeared to me almost impious to mock at so awful an appearance, in which God made his almighty power very manifest.

When the waves began to subside, I viewed with reverence the wonders of the deep; and asked myself from whence came this lightning and rattling thunder? What causes the clouds, which consist of water, to produce such a tremendous clatter? You know that philosophers have discovered that thunder is only occasioned by the compression of the clouds, and that the lightning is the effect of this concussion. But let us change the subject.

There were amongst the passengers a respectable looking old man. I could not take my eyes off him. He had the appearance of a gentleman, but his clothes were thread-bare; and I found by his conversation that he was a Dutchman. He had laid up for himself but a slender stock of provision: my heart suggested that he must have been unfortunate; and I perceived him several times lost in thought. I endeavoured, without intruding on his sorrows, to engage him in conversation, as he spoke English very

well for a foreigner. What he said was so sensible and interesting, that he prejudiced me in favour of the people I was going to visit; in short, none of the passengers pleased me so well as he did; perhaps, because I thought him unhappy; I could think of no one else. I at last drew him into conversation: we talked together during the storm; and I offered some of my provisions to the other passengers, that I might, without seeming to have observed his scanty stock, press him to partake of mine. He then enquired if my parents were living, and, wiping a tear from his eye, he softly said, Happy are they to have such a son! I read the thoughts of his heart, Emilia; I guessed the source of his uneasiness. And you, Sir, replied I, perhaps you have children? Alas! answered he, yes, I have a son, but he has not a heart like yours; I left him in London: heaven bless him! may he never feel the pangs he has made me endure. I wished to have said something more, but I was afraid he might think my curiosity impertinent, as I was so young; yet I sincerely felt for him. This circumstance threw a damp over my spirits—I cannot bear the idea of those children who are ungrateful to good parents, whom, next to God, they ought to honour. I desired Robert to enquire who he was, but the captain knew nothing more, than that he was an inhabitant of Amsterdam, and in distress, for he had not money sufficient to pay his passage, and offered to leave his small bundle of linen on board, as a security for the payment, while he

went on shore to borrow it. No, thought I, that must not be; but how shall I manage the matter? I was in a dreadful dilemma—it would have been almost an affront, if I had offered to make a person of his appearance a present. I went down into the cabin without having taken any resolution. At last I determined, and folded ten guineas in a piece of paper, sealed it, and wrote his name on it, which I had heard accidentally. I then spoke to the captain, who appeared to be a humane man, and requested him to deliver that paper to the gentleman after I had gone on shore, but not to say who gave it to him. The captain seemed pleased, and added, that he carried him over to England some time ago, when he was in a better plight, but that he feared his wild son had distressed him more ways than one.

Robert saw afterwards the captain give the gentleman the money, whilst I hastened forward, lest he should suspect me. Do not mention this circumstance to any one, my dear sister; my father, you know, gave me above fifty guineas to spend in this tour, and I could well spare this sum.

Sleep sound, my dear sister, and in the morning I will return to my letter, and give you some account of my meeting with my friend.

#### IN CONTINUATION.

It was evening when we arrived at my friend's native place; they did not expect us that day.

The servant who opened the door, told me her young master was at home alone; she conducted me into a small apartment, and was going to call him down. You know, Emilia, that I love a trick in which there is no mischief; I then desired she would conduct me to the room without telling him of my arrival. I crept to his chamber door, which was half open: he was playing on his violin one of the lively songs we had often sung together when he was in England. I immediately began to accompany him with my voice: his violin was instantly silent, and he listened a moment to my prolonged note, then he darted out of the room, and soon discovered me behind the door. After we had embraced each other, he overwhelmed me with questions, not forgetting how Emilia looked, how she sung, &c. He wished me to have some refreshment; but you know I never eat any thing between meals.

We chatted delightfully together, expecting Mrs. D— home every moment; mean while I cast my eyes round the room: the walls were hung with his own drawings; neatness and order were conspicuous in every thing. This little solitary apartment, said he, must seem to you very homely after Grandison Hall? It is just that neat simplicity which suits my taste, answered I; it is all adorned with your works; you look cheerful, and are sincere, what more is wanted to give dignity to the place? How much more honour do these drawings do you,

which are a proof of your diligence and skill, than the most excellent pictures, which are purchased for show, by those who do not even know their value. On his table stood a cabinet which looked so beautiful that I was curious to examine it, but how surprized was I, when he told me it was only pasteboard, which he had made himself, and ornamented with landscapes and wreaths of flowers. He told me he intended it for a young lady whom he highly esteemed. Will you listen, Emilia, while I whisper in your ear who I think that lady is—your noble self. These, said William, are my employments. I draw, read, and play on my violin; then I have my mathematical instruments and my box of tools; I declare the day is not long enough for all I have to do. And it is very happy for me that I can amuse myself, as my mother's circumstances are so confined, I could not keep company with my father's relations and friends, without leading her into expenses that she could not well bear. And believe me, Charles, added he, I never will condescend to be *intimate* in a family where I am considered in the light of an inferior: of course I will never receive any favours in the style of an humble companion. What noble principles, Emilia! how glad I am to have such a friend!

Mrs. D—— returned soon after with her daughter Annette. My friend introduced me to his mother, saying, behold the friend whom I love next to yourself. William had reason to praise his mother, for there is a sweetness in her



manners that charmed me more than I can describe, and a look of sorrow that makes her very interesting. Annette is a pretty lively girl, but her gaiety does not render her remiss in her duty, for she watches her mother's looks, anxious to anticipate her wishes. She immediately enquired about you, and expressed a great desire to be acquainted with you.

We are going to take a walk with Mrs. D—, so I must finish my long letter: I have written by the same post to both my father, mother, and Dr. Bartlett. Across the dreadful ocean, which you fear so much; I send you my good wishes. God bless you!

C H A R L E S.

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## L E T T E R   XXIII.

C H A R L E S   *to*   E M I L I A.

THE order and regularity which reigns in this family would surprise you, considering they have but one servant. Mrs. D— sees but little company—a few particular friends, and the society of her children, is all she wishes for. She is always employed; and William reads to her, in the evening, history and books of rational amusement, which she comments on, and frequently repeats his father's sentiments of the various authors they read, which William trea-

tures up, and often transcribes in a little book, which he has made for that purpose.

He keeps the accounts of the family; and, under the direction of his mother, manages her little property. In the evening, just before bed time, something serious is read, and Mrs. D—, repeating a short but fervent prayer, recommends us to the protection of the Almighty. We rise early, and William and I go on with our former studies till we meet the ladies at breakfast.

Annette has no master but William: he teaches her reading, writing, and arithmetic; drawing she begs as a favour; and we all instruct her in the French and English languages; and you can hardly imagine what a progress she has made.

William's cheerful diligence excited my admiration; and I could not help mentioning it to him yesterday in terms of praise. How, my friend, said he, is it not my duty to communicate to her the knowledge that my mother has procured for me at a great expence? I am happy that I can by my zeal in this respect, prove that I am grateful for her constant kindness; besides, is not the dear girl my sister, and is not her welfare and happiness of the greatest consequence to mine? I find myself richly rewarded for my trouble, when I see her gradually improve; and I think all elder brothers and sisters ought to do the same when their parents are not in affluence.

What do you think I have done, sister? I have given up my regular correspondence with you to William, not that I shall forget to write sometimes, but as I have many letters to write, which I must not neglect, and wish to finish some drawings I have sketched of this place, I cannot write to you in such a circumstantial manner as I wish to do, without depriving myself of the company of my friends. William, you know, has the knack of writing particulars, and he can write to you while I write to my father, Dr. Bartlett, &c. You must answer his letters, and not refuse to write to my best friend, if you love me.

CHARLES.

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## LETTER XXIV.

WILLIAM to EMILIA.

MAY I presume to write to you, dear Miss Emilia; your brother desires me not to fear your displeasure. I have not been much accustomed to write to young ladies; you must not, then, laugh at my blunders, and I am sure my subject will interest you, for I shall tell you what your brother does and says, as I used to tell my mother.

The appearance of our country pleases him, and I endeavour to let him see as much of it as I can. Yesterday we went to Leyden, one of the

most beautiful cities in Holland. We visited the university, and saw whatever else was worthy of observation. It would certainly be a matter of regret to my friend to leave Holland without seeing the public buildings and other curiosities. We had very fine weather: Robert accompanied us. Your brother chose to go in one of the *Trekschuits* rather than in a carriage. I cannot refrain from relating to you the following adventure, which does your brother so much honour.

Coming a little too early, as we were walking backwards and forwards, we saw two young gentlemen, genteely dressed, who came from Leyden; and were waiting as well as ourselves, for the schuit. They appeared like persons of rank not well educated, with that mistaken pride which leads a person to look down with disdain on these whom they imagine to be their inferiors. It was particularly conspicuous in one, whom we heard the other address by the title of baron. What a contrast there was between his and your brother's manners! Soon after came a poor Jew boy, he looked sick, and had a basket on his arm with small wares in it, which he offered to us for sale. The two young gentlemen soon cast their eyes on him, and began to laugh, handing his basket backwards and forwards, pretending to look at what it contained. Great people sometimes think they may do any thing because they are rich. The jokes seemed to displease your brother not a little, and he turned away several

times to avoid hearing them. But the thoughtless young men were not satisfied with a trifling joke, they pretended to buy the whole basket, and promised to pay him his full demand, which was five guilders, provided he would bring it to Leyden to the house of a Mr. Vanderk. The young Jew was exceedingly glad, and danced for joy, as perhaps he might not have sold as much in two months.

The skipper, and a man I knew, was present at this transaction. Your brother quickly observed, that there was some cheat intended in this purchase; and, after the gentlemen had stepped into the schuit, questioned the boy, who informed him that his mother was sick, and on her account he rejoiced that he had sold the whole together: he added, that he should immediately set off for Leyden, and return in the evening with the money to his mother, who was in want of it. Charles then desired the skipper to take the boy in the schuit, and paid the fare, saying, you heard those gentlemen buy the boy's basket of wares? Yes, answered the skipper, and I too, said another man, but it is only a trick, for there is no such gentleman as Mr. Vanderk in the whole city of Leyden: they only mean to let him have his walk for his pains, and will laugh all the evening at the fine trick they have played a Jew.

The poor Jew was happy to find he was to go in the schuit, for he was scarcely able to walk on account of an ague. We then went on



board, and while we were standing at a distance from the rest, we had the following conversation.

WILLIAM.

I perceive, Grandison, what your generous heart meditates; you intend to give the poor boy the five guilders, which they promised him for his wares.

CHARLES.

No, this trick, or rather vile deceit, raises my indignation; I think that they deserve to be punished, to teach them more thought and humanity in future. The haughty baron shall pay the five guilders himself, or I am much mistaken. You may recollect that I asked the skipper if he had not heard them bargain for the basket, and an honest man, you know, also offered to bear witness: if I was to pay the money, it would be a kind of encouragement of the cheat, and perhaps heighten the jest. It is our duty, as much as we can, to assist our fellow-creatures, and to hinder one man from injuring another.

WILLIAM.

You excite my wonder; I had not extended my thoughts so far.

CHARLES.

It is not the loss of the five guilders that will affect the baron; a person so rich, as the skipper informs us he is, cannot think much of such a small sum; but he will, at least if he has any virtue, be ashamed of his foolish conduct: it

shall be made public; his own companions will blush for him, and the joke will be turned against himself.

WILLIAM.

I did not think you had been so severe, Grandison. Your humane heart has often——

CHARLES.

You are mistaken, William; indifference in this case would prove rather that I had a weak than a good heart. I may forgive a cheat practised on myself, and I would do it as far as was consistent with my honour, but I must, when I see a fellow-creature deceived, exert myself to maintain his right.

WILLIAM.

Many who are called Christians think there is no harm in cheating a Jew, but my mother has given me a very different definition of humanity.

CHARLES.

A Jew is a man as well as we are, and we ought no more to cheat a Jew or a Turk, than we would a Christian: we must not despise, much less hate, those who profess a different religion: created by the same God, we are all brethren.

WILLIAM.

But how will you contrive to get the five guilders from the baron?

The approach of the gentlemen interrupted us, and your brother stood musing a short time.

We were now to change schuit, and went

into a public house, where we were to stay half an hour to get a little refreshment. Your brother called me aside, sent for Robert, and ordered him to pay the Jew five guilders. How, said I, you have changed your mind! No, said he, it shall be repaid out of the baron's purse, if my plan succeeds according to my wish. When you, continued he to Robert, have paid the money, bring the boy into the house, the rest will follow of course.

We then went into the coffee-room, where the two giddy young men were drinking and teasing a great dog. Robert quickly followed, with the Jew boy and his basket, for as they were in a different part of the schuit, they supposed he was gone on foot to Leyden. But I must give you, verbatim, the conversation that passed between them and Charles on that occasion.

B A R O N.

How came this boy in the schuit?

C H A R L E S.

Sir, your generosity in purchasing all this poor little merchant's ware, by the sale of which, he assists to maintain a sick mother, had such an effect on me, that I determined to pay his fare, because I perceived that he had an ague on him, which has weakened him in such a manner that he would scarcely have been able to walk to Leyden, much less to have returned back to-night. But my servant, who just now came in with him, felt so much compassion for him when he saw him so sick in the boat, that he

has done a great deal more, he has given him the five guilders, and taken charge of the purchase, that the boy may return without any delay, and he will himself deliver it at the house of Mr. Vanderk.

The baron and his friend soon perceived your brother's design, and looked very foolish, and the eyes of all the people in the room were fixed on them. They stammered, and knew not at first what to answer. Your brother, with his usual presence of mind, called the skipper, and said, you undoubtedly know Mr. Vanderk, of Leyden, to whose house those gentlemen have directed the young Jew; if you will go with my servant, when we arrive there, I will give you something to drink. The worst of all is, said the skipper, that in all Leyden I do not know where to find a gentleman of the name of Vanderk.

C H A R L E S.

That gentleman, pointing to the baron, will have the goodness to inform you.

B A R O N.

I do not know any gentleman of that name at Leyden: we only meant to amuse ourselves a little with the young rogue.

C H A R L E S.

That amusement is well worth five guilders: it is to you gentlemen the wares must be brought, and that is just the same; my servant is not afraid of the payment.

Every one now began to laugh, and the baron and his friend seemed ashamed of themselves. An honest burgher, who was in the room, cried out, with a look of contempt, the prank is really well recompensed. Another pitied the poor Jew, and thought it very inhuman to have sent a child, shaking with an ague, so many miles to no purpose; for every one perceived that the poor boy would have got nothing, and after having long sought for Mr. Vanderk, he must have returned back with his wares. At last the jokers, with very serious faces, paid Robert the five guilders, and to take off part of the odium from themselves, they desired the boy to keep his basket and wares, which they could make no use of. Your brother ordered the boy a warm breakfast, and paid his fare back to the Hague.

We were then called to go on board again, and the baron and his friend were cured of their airs for that day at least. What a long letter I have written! Permit me, however, to assure you, that I am your most humble servant.

W I L L I A M.

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L E T T E R XXV.

C H A R L E S *to* E M I L I A.

MY friend William has acquitted himself so well, that I have very little more to say of our late excursion. I shall soon be with you to tell



you all, as our voyage to England is fixed for the end of next month. Your brother is grown very idle, and our time is almost entirely lost in amusements. We walk or ride, from one village to another; go to the play, pay visits, &c. Yet, now I think of it, I cannot call it time lost, I endeavour to get all the information I can respecting the customs and dispositions of the people I am now with. I shall send them to Dr. Bartlett, and as he has been frequently in this country, he will rectify my mistaken opinions when I return. Indeed, I wish to see as much as I can, for I should be ashamed, when any one asked me what I had seen in Holland, to be only able to speak of the air, the ground, the sun, the houses, the fields, the cattle, without being able to add, that the air is warmer or colder, the houses better or worse built, the fields more or less fruitful than in England; in short, not to be able to give a discriminating account of the country and the manners of the people.

I will now give you a slight sketch. The Dutch appear to me to be sincere and honest; they have the politeness of the French without their levity. Their peasantry and mechanics are the most industrious set of people I have ever seen, and so honest, that it is as safe in the evening and night in the streets as in the houses. We hear of no duels, murders, or robberies; nor any of those dreadful vices which prevail so much in England, or of those barbarous diversions which please the mob in our country. We

never hear of a boxing match for money; nor do they fight cocks, or bait bulls; so that they appear to be a mild people.

The land is fruitful and well cultivated, and the climate, I am informed, very wholesome; I only regret the year being so far advanced, that I shall not see half the beauties of the country on that account.

We are going this afternoon to a village in the neighbourhood of this place. Annette has just now left the room, after shewing me her writing, which her young master had praised. But why do not you lay aside your work for an hour, and write an answer to William? or we shall not be good friends.

CHARLES.

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## L E T T E R XXVI.

WILLIAM to EMILIA.

YOUR brother mentioned, in his last letter, that we were going to take a walk; the weather was very fine when we set out, but the sky looking a little cloudy, I proposed to your brother to go in the schuit. How, said he, are you afraid of a little rain, we have no clothes on that can be spoiled? Let us not guard against every trifling inconvenience: and so we went on. When we reached the village, which was rather a long walk, we went into a coffee-house to drink tea to refresh ourselves.

While your brother was reading the newspaper I walked in the garden, and saw, in a disorderly company, a young man a distant relation of my mother's, whose father the other day had dined in company with your brother. We both of us then observed his melancholy countenance, and my mother hinted to us, that she feared his son's disobedience was breaking his father's heart. I was alarmed at seeing him in such company, and enquired of the landlord how long he had been there. Four days, answered he, and during that time, he has spent fifty-five guilders with the companions you see. He has given me a bill for the money, signed by Mr. H— at the Hague, which I am to receive next Monday. This speech made me very uneasy, for I perceived by it he had altered his name. The landlord called him Mr. S—; and I knew his name to be Van Landbergen, and this made me suspect that the bill might be forged.

I ran to your brother and acquainted him with the circumstance. It may fairly be inferred, answered he, that as he has taken a false name, he may also have been guilty of forgery. Such a shameful action will bring the old man to his grave; but we must try to prevent it, let us send for the landlord; and he rang the bell. He soon entered, and your brother thus addressed him: "I hear, Sir, you have a bill drawn on Mr. H—, payable next Monday; I will give you the money for it, as I have some accounts to settle with that gentleman, but you must give me your receipt, and mention that it was for

Mr. S—. The landlord was glad to get his money without the trouble of going for it, and immediately wrote the receipt and received the money; he then left the room, and we had the following conversation.

## C H A R L E S.

You think that this bill may be forged, and so do I; and if it should really prove that we are right in our conjectures, what would be the lot of young Van Landbergen, a shameful flight, or scandalous punishment; either of which would grievously have afflicted his innocent parent. We must one day give an account of what heaven has intrusted to us, and what would my account be, if I could only say, I had the means in my hands to save a good man from a misfortune which might have fatal consequences, and I chose rather to spend my money in useless diversions and selfish pleasures. If the bill is good, I shall be no loser; if not, it will be a source of perpetual satisfaction to think that I delivered a good father from the shame his ungrateful son would have entailed on him.

## W I L L I A M.

What an example! There are many, I know, that may possibly, this very evening, lose above fifty guilders at billiards or some other game, who yet would call your act of benevolence madness.

## C H A R L E S.

That is their business, my friend.

WILLIAM.

But if you present the Bill to Mr. H—, will not the forgery be made equally public?

CHARLES.

That is not my design: it is to young Landbergen himself that we must present it. You have often wished me to be acquainted with him; now this bill, if it is not a good one, will give me an opportunity of introducing myself to him in the light of a friend.

We requested the landlord to bring him into our private room, and he came accordingly, not knowing who sent for him. As soon as he saw me, he seemed disconcerted, which we did not notice, and your brother civilly asked him to sit down, and the following conversation ensued:

CHARLES.

It gives me particular pleasure to meet with the son of worthy Mr. Van Landbergen, with whom I dined last week at Mrs. D—'s house; and you will, I hope pardon me, if I embrace this opportunity of commencing an acquaintance with his son.

Young Landbergen bowed with great confusion, with his eyes cast down, twisting his hat round upon his hand.

Charles seemed not to observe his confusion, pulled the bell to order a bottle of wine, and the conversation continued.

CHARLES.

Your father is a worthy sensible man, Sir. What a happiness it is to have such a father.



LANDBERGEN.

A great happiness, Sir.

WILLIAM.

You are going, no doubt, to the Hague this evening, Mr. Landbergen; we may all go together, if it is agreeable to you.

CHARLES.

It would give us particular pleasure, as we intend calling on your father.

LANDBERGEN.

I am waiting here for a friend, so that it will be late before I can go—otherwise——

WILLIAM.

Then we shall be deprived of the pleasure of your company, for we promised to be home early, and our design was to call and inform my mother that we intend to sup with your father.

CHARLES.

Can you inform me, Sir, where Mr. H— lives; I have a small bill drawn on him by a Mr. S—: I received it from the landlord.

Landbergen looked pale at this question, and without seeming to hear him, started up and looked out of the window.

LANDBERGEN.

I fear we shall have heavy rain this evening.

CHARLES.

I do not think so, the sky looks very clear.

He then took the bill out of his pocket-book, casting a look at the same time full of huma-

nity at Landbergen. The culprit's confusion was now very great, the bill he instantly knew, and every limb shook at the sight. Your brother offered him a glass of wine, but he let it fall, and was going hastily to leave the room. Charles, who was now fully convinced of his guilt, caught him by the hand in a friendly manner. No, Sir, you must not leave us, the sight of this bill seems to have raised a strange perturbation in your mind. Open your heart to me, I respect your father, and wish to esteem you.

LANDBERGEN.

I can say nothing, Sir, I will write to you in the morning.

CHARLES.

No, Sir, it is imprudent to write what we dare not or will not say.

LANDBERGEN.

That signature—but I beg you will permit me to go.

CHARLES.

Shall we tear off the signature? Yes I will, on condition you return with me to your father.

LANDBERGEN.

What generosity! No, Sir, preserve the signature, though not with the hope of payment. I am guilty. I must fly from my country—comfort my father.

CHARLES.

You fly—you who ask me to comfort your father. No, that single speech makes me your

friend. Come with me to your father, and I shall deem myself happy in having met with you.

LANDBERGEN.

How shall I hide my shame from you?

CHARLES.

Why should you attempt to hide it? it is the surest sign of goodness to be ashamed of our errors. You consent, then; you will go with us.

LANDBERGEN.

Yes—you overcome me. I am under the greatest obligations to you; but what shall I say to my father?

CHARLES.

Your father is good—he loves you.

LANDBERGEN.

You do not know all, Sir: it is now four days since I left home, and—No, I cannot, I dare not say more.

CHARLES.

Be not afraid to open your whole heart to me; repentance expiates every fault; your earthly as well as your heavenly father will forgive you.

LANDBERGEN.

You will despise me, Sir.

CHARLES.

No; any one who goes astray, and returns again to virtue, merits our respect.

LANDBERGEN.

Will you retain any regard for me, when I

tell you, that on leaving my father I stole a small sum he had saved, in order to try my fortune at cards; I had already lost a great deal of money with the same people, whom I now wished to play with again.

C H A R L E S.

Yes, certainly; you weep; those tears do you honour; your heart is not bad, but it has been too weak to resist the allurements of vice in bad company.

L A N D B E R G E N.

Yes, I have acted a base part, and by neglecting my duty, have lost an eligible employment. And yet I never deliberately did wrong. I have always intended to reform, for I hated myself when I thought a moment; and shunned my father's eyes as if I dreaded they would dart death on me. I frequently ran out, to avoid thought, and forget remorse, at the gaming-table. Nay, even when I have only gone to take a walk, and determined not to spend any money, or lose my time, the sight of one of my companions, a single word, banished all my good resolutions, and I followed him wherever he chose to lead me.

C H A R L E S.

The only means to conquer this weakness, is resolutely to determine to employ yourself, and never to allow your imagination to dwell on scenes which are likely to inflame it. You were formerly fond of reading, I hear, and have made some progress in music; return to those rational employments; visit us when you have finished

your daily task : we have got some new music. I have sometimes heard my tutor advise a young man, who, like yourself, had a good heart, to frequent the company of modest women ; there are many young ladies at the Hague who will be glad of your company if you act with propriety : and their society will make you feel disgust when you mix with young people who have lost the charm of innocence.

LANDBERGEN.

But can this ever wash out the stain of a false signature ?

CHARLES.

Undoubtedly it may ; forget this signature, as I shall.

(Saying so, he tore the note.)

See there the small offering which I make to your repentance and return to virtue. Your father knows nothing of this : let us conceal it from him.

Landbergen embraced his young benefactor. We both observed that he was very much moved : he grasped Charles's hand, and could only say, I owe my preservation, my peace, to you.

Had you seen, at this moment, your brother, Miss Emilia, you would have been delighted. The most heart-felt satisfaction seemed painted on his countenance. We then left the house, and during our walk home, we endeavoured in vain to raise Landbergen's spirits ; he appeared oppressed by a sense of his fault.



We found the old gentleman his father at home: he received us with the highest satisfaction, and was struck with astonishment to see his son enter with us. He viewed him with tears in his eyes, exclaiming, What my son!—Your brother caught hold of each of their hands, and joining them together, whispered the father, “Forgive your son, he is truly penitent.” The son could not speak, he sighed, and his tears fell on his father’s hand. The father also was speechless; but soon recollecting himself, he said, how shall I interpret this deep concern! heaven grant it may be sincere! It is sincere, exclaimed the son, eagerly; see the gentleman to whom I am indebted for all this. He has saved me from shame, and raised me from meanness, by his noble generosity. I earnestly wish to distinguish myself by acting properly: speak, Mr. Grandison, my father may know all.—Your father does know all, since he knows you repent. We are both young, we have still a character to obtain in the world; let us struggle for a good one. Let all disagreeable reflections be now laid aside. You shall hear, said he, taking down young Landbergen’s violin, how well I can play a Dutch tune.

Farewell; believe me respectfully yours.

WILLIAM.

## LETTER XXVII.

EMILIA *to* WILLIAM.

MY brother reproved me in his last, for not having answered your letter. I will now write a long one to make amends; and, following your example, tell you minutely what I have been doing since my brother left me. My mother has allowed me a new amusement, which I hope you and Charles will have a share in when you return. It is a weekly concert, which our music master directs at the different houses of a select number of his scholars. He thinks, and my mother agrees with him, that it will very much improve us all.

The daughter of the Earl of B—, who is one of the party, has rendered herself very contemptible by her pride on this occasion. But first I must tell you, that the music master had introduced, as one of his best scholars, the daughter of an apothecary. Haughty Lady Jane shewed great displeasure when she saw her enter. The beauty and pleasing manners of that young lady was nothing in her eyes; she was neither rich, nor of a good family; that was sufficient to excite her contempt. Miss G. the young lady in question, is really a very fine girl; educated by her mother, she has received the most useful instruction; there was a modest dignity in her manners, the very contrast of Lady Jane's haughty

affected air. There was the same contrast in their clothes, the latter had on a profusion of costly finery, huddled together according to the fashion; but the former was dressed in the simplest style; it did not make you suppose she was rich, but it was so well calculated to make her person appear to advantage, that you quickly perceived her sense and taste. Lady Jane snuffed up her nose as we sometimes see people do when they are afraid of smelling something disagreeable. Heaven! said she to me, what does that creature do here; I think I smell drugs. Having said so, she took out her lavender water bottle; I pretended not to hear, and turned to Miss B. with whom I chatted a little. This, perhaps, was not very polite, but I could not help it, for I despise such foolish pride. Lady Jane afterwards played an air on the harpsichord, and accompanied it with her voice in a very imperfect manner. Soon after it was Miss G—'s turn, and she sung, with great expression, a favourite song: her voice is really a very fine one, and every one seemed delighted with her performance. Envy at first was painted on Lady Jane's countenance: but it did not stop here, for she made an excuse to withdraw with me. And we had the following conversation.

LADY JANE.

I do not doubt, Miss Grandison, but you are of my opinion, that this girl is not fit company for us.

EMILIA.

You have, perhaps, some reason for saying

so; for my part, I do not know why she may not be one of the party.

LADY JANE.

We are all persons of rank, and the daughter of a peer of the realm cannot be on an equality with a poor apothecary's daughter.

EMILIA.

I am not the daughter of a peer, of course have not been taught to make this difference.

LADY JANE.

You are the daughter of a baronet, and a man of consequence.

EMILIA.

My father has taught me that virtue is the best nobility. The young lady of whom you are speaking, is allowed to be a very amiable good girl.

LADY JANE.

That may be, I have nothing to say against her character; but I repeat it, her father is an apothecary—her grandfather was an apothecary, and her—

EMILIA.

If you run on thus, Lady Jane, to the first of all our fathers, you will find that she is nearly related to you and me.

LADY JANE.

To you and me!

EMILIA.

Yes, certainly, you must allow that we are all sprung from the same father.

LADY JANE.

That is true, but let us talk seriously.

EMILIA.

I speak as seriously as I can.

LADY JANE.

It is not proper that a girl who has no fortune should force herself into the company of people of rank.

EMILIA.

Our company is not expensive, and she did not force herself; on the contrary her musical talents make her an acquisition to the concert.

LADY JANE.

But look at her dress.

EMILIA.

Her dress is certainly not rich, but neat and elegant. You may yourself perceive that she has good sense and taste, by the choice of her clothes; without servilely following the fashion, she avoids singularity. She is besides a very fine girl. Thus God, who gives riches to some, gives to others natural endowments, which many would purchase at a high price; all come from the same benevolent Being, in whose sight virtue only exalts a weak mortal.

LADY JANE.

Miss Grandison appears to be preaching a sermon.

EMILIA.

Forgive me if I do not coincide in opinion with you; my heart is too sincere to dissemble.



LADY JANE.

I shall not dispute about her natural gifts, but I say once more, that a girl who has no fortune ought not to be put on a par with people of rank and fashion.

EMILIA.

It would be very unfortunate that a girl, who had received a good education, should be deprived of every innocent pleasure because she has no fortune. I for my part would rather endeavour to contribute something to afford her the means to—

LADY JANE, *hastily*.

Indeed you make me laugh. This is something rare, but that would not preserve her from the contempt which poverty brings with it.

EMILIA.

The contempt which poverty brings with it, say you! you astonish me. They must certainly be very unfeeling who can shew any contempt for a well educated person in low circumstances. Such a one I think deserves to be despised.

LADY JANE.

The world thinks otherwise, and I cannot mend the world.

EMILIA.

The world then is very mean and selfish. I hope I never shall despise any one who is not vicious, and even those I have been taught to pity rather than blame.

## LADY JANE.

You are *very* good; but since we must submit to the general opinion, shall I desire the music master to inform the girl, whom we are speaking of, not to let us see her again in our company—or I shall decline coming.

## EMILIA.

You may do as you please; but you must allow me to tell him that I do not concur with you.—I then made her a cool curtsy and withdrew.

She wrote to the music master; but all the rest of the company insisted that he should not comply with such an unreasonable request, and deprive us of our best performer, who was in every respect a desirable companion. My mother took particular notice of the young lady in order to give her consequence, and told me, after she was gone, that she had not for a long time seen so modest and well educated a girl.

So ended this foolish affair. My mother and I had a long conversation on the subject; I have not now time to repeat it, but she animadverted very severely on that foolish pride that makes people neglect to attain the real personal consequence which can only arise from virtue, and value themselves on the accidental advantages of birth, riches and external ornaments, which do not constitute the pre-eminence of a rational being. These cannot follow them to the grave.

Farewell. Remember me in the kindest manner to your mother and little Annette.

EMILIA.

P. S. I opened this letter again to enclose a few lines to my brother. Emilia is a good girl, perhaps, he will say; I am sure I wish to appear so in his eyes.



## LETTER XXVIII.

EMILIA to CHARLES.

I HAVE need of your advice, dear brother. You know that my mother designed some months ago to let me have a waiting maid, and she has ever since been enquiring among her acquaintance for a proper one; and she hired one last week who had been particularly recommended to her. But this is not all; I discovered, Charles, before she had been with me two days, that she was very unhappy, and I perceived when she was dressing me that she had been weeping. This affected me very much; I attempted to comfort her and find out the cause of her grief, and at last I discovered it. Why Lucy, said I, do you cry so much; tell me the reason, my good girl? consider me not as your mistress, but as your friend; perhaps I may be able to alleviate your sorrows. She could not speak, and pressed my hand in which I was holding her's; in short, my pity for her, or as she expressed

it, my goodness, gave her courage, and she told me that the lady who recommended her had concealed her real name. Her father had been a naval officer, and that her mother, by his death, was reduced to extreme poverty. She added, that she was now afflicted with a lingering illness without any means of support; and that to be enabled to assist her she determined to go to service, and was accordingly recommended to me by the lady who had assisted her mother. You may imagine what I felt, and I exclaimed, I will go directly to my mother, she is very compassionate. Poor Lucy held me back; for heaven's sake do not do it! keep my secret. Let me serve you; let me have the satisfaction of finding a friend in a mistress, for what will become of me if I leave you? My mother made me promise not to mention my name; and she will never forgive me if I make her distress public.—I was at a loss what to resolve on, at last I said, I will keep your secret provided you live with me as a sister. But Charles, have I done right in keeping a secret from my mother? I wish I had not made the promise; yet on the contrary I must have parted with this good girl; but I considered again, I ought not to think of myself, I ought to persuade my mother to assist her. Dear Charles will you send me your advice, I shall not be easy till I hear from you, pray write soon. Do not mention this affair even to William.

Fly swiftly a few weeks, and bring my dear Charles to us! In the course of a month we expect to see you. My mother had several times tears in her eyes when she read William's account of you: how happy are we when our parents are satisfied with us! God certainly loves you Charles, because your parents do. And you would see that I love you if you could read my heart. Farewel my dear brother.

EMILIA.

P. S. Charles I must tell you something.— No, I will not, you like so much to surprise others, for once you shall be surprised yourself.

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## LETTER XXIX.

CHARLES to EMILIA.

Dear Sister,

YOU must not keep the unfortunate young lady who has entered into your service, you must let her go back to comfort her afflicted mother. Emilia is much too tender and humane to bear with the attendance of an equal to gratify herself. You know my mother's goodness; excuse me, but I must say that your sensibility was ill placed when you promised to conceal the matter from her. She who formed your heart to virtue is better able to advise you than I am. Her liberality will provide for that unfortunate girl some



other means of supporting her mother than that of being your waiting maid. Nay, what an honour would it be for my Emilia to do without one, and give her wages to a sick widow. My sister knows well enough how to dress herself, and such a pleasing reflection would render her little troubles sweet. Let the mean spirited Lady Jane glory in having useless servants, Emilia Grandison will find more satisfaction in waiting on herself to be able to do more good. Delay not a moment my dear. Now, without any loss of time, you must mention every circumstance to my mother; how much would it distress you if the girl's parent was to die without your being able to effect your humane design.

But what surprise do you speak of, in the postscript of your letter? By whom, by what, shall I be surprized? I shall play you a trick for this. However, I remain yours affectionately,

C H A R L E S.

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L E T T E R   X X X.

WILLIAM *to* EMILIA.

A LETTER from Emilia—from the sister of my friend Charles—what a pleasure! you are indeed an amiable girl—how far do you outshine the haughty Lady Jane! Do not frown at the comparison or suppose that I mean to flatter

you, for your brother bestowed the warmest praises on your behaviour. But perhaps our conversation may entertain you.

CHARLES.

How glad I am that my sister has imbibed such just notions; I am proud of my sister.

WILLIAM.

You have reason to be so, she deserves to be esteemed; too many young ladies think like Lady Jane, and satisfied with a distinguished rank, do not seek to obtain real excellence, by improving their minds.

CHARLES.

I acknowledge it, but you must have observed that nothing is more humiliating than pride; the respect that is paid to a proud person is only a mere compliment, or done through interested motives, which degrade the person who pays it. It is a mere farce to bow to a being we despise.

WILLIAM.

I believe so. I have more than once seen the lowest bow made to a haughty man, and no sooner was his back turned than he was ridiculed.

CHARLES

And what avails their greatness and wealth to their fellow creatures, if they live only for themselves. We ought then only to be proud of virtue and charity; nay, not even of them for they are duties, and the performance of a duty ought not to excite pride. They only are truly

great who set a good example to others ; a distinguished rank is indeed a blessing when it enables us to do more good.

WILLIAM.

I think a proud man cannot love his fellow-creatures, or he would not find so much pleasure in humbling them.

CHARLES.

There appears a sort of cruelty in pride. Might not a poor beggar for instance thus address a haughty rich man : " How have I deserved you should look down upon me with such contempt. You are rich, I am poor ; this is your good luck and my misfortune, but you should not make it heavier by your scorn, as I certainly have not injured you. If I ask you for any thing you may refuse me, and I must be content. I undergo many difficulties ; go on foot in the rain, without sufficient covering to screen me from the keen wind ; benumbed with cold, and almost sinking under my misery : you, on the contrary, ride in a carriage, and feel none of these inconveniences. I bow civilly to you, and you turn away your head with disgust, while the wheels of your coach throw the dirt in my face. Your cruel contempt adds to my sufferings, when a smile would have lightened them. You despise my poverty, and force me to recollect that one man is as good as another, in order to comfort myself and not repine at my fate. If you keep your money, I shall not, I cannot, contest with you. Riches

fell to your lot, and I do not covet them ; but at least pity me ; I eat a hard crust, but am still a man, and can feel your cruel inhumanity."

WILLIAM.

And he ought, besides, to think that the poor and miserable man whom he despises may be exalted far above him in another world, but that period appears very far off to those who live in splendour.

CHARLES.

Far off—a year, a day, an hour, a single moment may destroy all their hopes, and from a palace they may be removed to the grave ; where all their grandeur shall vanish away from their sight as nothing. The rich go to their stately tombs, the poor to their humble sod ; but they are no more sensible of a difference.—This conversation made me grave, Miss Emilia ; and should I add any more I might perhaps continue to moralize.

We are going this evening to the play, and your brother has invited young Landbergen to be of the party ; he has his reformation very much at heart. Allow me to assure you that I am your sincere friend,

WILLIAM.

## LETTER XXXI.

WILLIAM *to* EMILIA.

YOUNG Landbergen, through the interest of his father and some other friends, is again restored to his office. He seems to have a fixed resolution to adhere to his promise, and his old father is revived now he sees his son returned to virtue. What a satisfaction for my friend, who has produced this reformation. Yesterday in my presence he returned him a thousand thanks. You have taught me to know what is true happiness, Mr. Grandison, exclaimed he; I at last see that a wicked life is no life; how dear have I paid for my licentious pleasures, by my uneasy remorse. Every day I fell into new errors. Every day they produced new difficulties. What an advantage to the mind to be satisfied with itself. How happy it is when in the evening we can reflect upon the day without being ashamed of our conduct. Formerly I was afraid to pray to God, because I had not sufficient resolution to alter my conduct; but now I feel that a prayer affords me comfort. I dare hope that the Supreme Being has again received me into favour. I lately dreaded the sight of my father as if he was an enemy, now he is my bosom friend. My former companions treat me with a kind of disdain, and that disdain is my triumph. Yes, interrupted your brother, it is your triumph; you have now the esteem of better men,



you make your father's life comfortable, and you will not miss the truest satisfaction. I am sorry that we are so soon to part, will you allow me to correspond with you? Will I? answered Landbergen; it would make me very happy. You cannot think how much he is improved in his appearance since his return to virtue, I can scarcely believe that the handsome young man I now see, is the same being whose looks almost terrified me.

Our departure for London is fixed for the 26th of next month. We often count the hours for we all long to see you. Your brother has just been making me laugh. He is the life and soul of the whole house; we shall all soon laugh together, till then adieu.

WILLIAM.

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LETTER XXXII.

WILLIAM to EMILIA.

AN officer was just now announced, and who do you think it was, dear Miss Emilia, but our old friend Edward. What an agreeable surprise to us all! Annette, who saw me shaking him cordially by the hand, ran to tell my mother, but she expected him, for Lady Grandison, as we afterwards heard, had acquainted her with his intention. I would instantly have called your brother, but Edward held me back: let us play him a trick, said he, he knows nothing of my

coming. Perhaps the sudden surprize may hurt him, said my mother. No, replied Edward, I am not afraid of that. Charles continued writing longer than usual in his chamber; when supper was ready he was called down; Edward before had placed himself by the fire, with his back to the door. Charles entered, he knew him immediately, and moved some steps backwards, but, before he could speak, he observed Annette's smiling countenance, and determined to humour the joke. Edward, in the mean time, continued sitting, thinking he was still considered by Charles as a stranger. This produced several laughable incidents; which highly diverted Annette, and even made my mother smile.

Afterwards we spent a most agreeable evening, and Edward made me a present of a very elegant sword. I hesitated, and was unwilling to receive it; not for the world, said I; I have often heard that it forebodes a breach of friendship. How, interrupted Charles, can you give way to such prejudices? Leave them to weak minds that have never been properly cultivated; that foolish idea is as absurd as the raw head and bloody bones with which they frighten little children. Adieu, you kept your secret very well.

WILLIAM.

## LETTER XXXIII.

WILLIAM to EMILIA.

WE have been in a most dreadful consternation occasioned by a false alarm, but it is now over, and has not been attended with any bad consequences. Edward was very curious to see the environs of this city, accordingly we went the day before yesterday to a village that is reckoned one of the pleasanter in Holland; the weather was that day very fine, considering the time of the year. Edward and I were conversing with great earnestness; he was particularly pleased with the high cultivation of the land, and the neat appearance of our farm-houses. Charles was some paces behind us; he stopped to assist two little children who were defending themselves against a dog, that had been, as we afterwards heard, provoked and tormented by some idle wicked boys; before your brother could raise his stick the enraged cur flew at him and bit his leg. The children in the mean time ran away and the dog after them, with his tail between his legs and his mouth wide open; he rushed by Edward, who asked if I was not frightened, and we then turned round to look for Charles. We walked slowly till he overtook us; he said nothing of the accident, and we did not perceive a little spot of blood that was on his stocking.

When we entered into the village we found it in an uproar. We heard nothing on all sides but the dog is mad! the dog is mad! and, as is usually the case, every one endeavoured to make the story appear more dreadful; one said that he had bit a horse, another five cows, nay, added the third, it was five men. Charles looked pale, but we did not guess the cause, till he pointed to the spot of blood on his stocking, and cried out see there,—I am one of them. We then went into a public-house, but Edward would not stay a moment, he enquired where the surgeon of the village lived, and ran like lightning to ask his advice; but, unfortunately, he was not at home. Edward would not return without him, and ran to the different places, where it was supposed, he might be.

In the mean time I remained with your brother in a situation of mind which I declare I never felt before, in a sort of stupefaction, which I cannot describe. Before he sat down he put a large poker in the fire, and once or twice I heard the name of his parents escape from his lips, in a voice scarcely articulate. I went to him and caught him by the hand, exclaiming, in an agony, did you visit me for this!

CHARLES.

Dear William, here, or in any other place, the same misfortune might have befallen me.

WILLIAM.

But you, my friend, who are so virtuous,

whose heart is so generous, who never neglected your duty—surely, you did not deserve—

CHARLES, *interrupting me.*

Take care, William, do not let your friendship lead you to arraign the goodness of God! If I indeed have endeavoured to follow the good example of my father, and have been a comfort to my parents, I can with less terror view death; if I am indeed near it. But that may not be the case, I shall take the step that reason suggests, and leave the rest to God.

WILLIAM.

Noble soul! No, I repeat it, you merited a better fate.

CHARLES.

Shew more respect to the Sovereign Disposer of our destiny. Excuse my being a little serious with you; he who gave me being, has a right to take it away, when and how he pleases. I hope Dr. Bartlett's lessons are not thrown away upon me; with gratitude and joy have I prayed to my heavenly Father, when I have been walking alone in the country—and even now I can pray to him.

He turned his eyes involuntarily up to heaven. I sobbed, threw myself round his neck, and could not speak, it was as if my lips were sealed together. He then enquired for Edward, and when he heard that he was gone for a surgeon, he said, friendly creature! what I dread most in this circumstance is suspense, but I must have patience. Should any accident befall me,



William, be a comfort to my parents. I believe that the catastrophe of this disorder is described as much more dreadful than it really is; few men go mad on account of the bite of a mad dog, and I never heard of any who communicated the canine delirium to the friends or relations who attended on them.

He then earnestly requested me to leave the room for a few minutes. I was obliged reluctantly to comply; and when I returned, caught him courageously searing the part with the red hot poker which he had put into the fire for that purpose. He tried to conceal from me the violent pain he endured; and did not utter a single groan, lest he should increase my anguish. Edward that moment entered, in a transport, with the identical little cur in his arms, crying, There is no danger, make yourselves easy! Charles turned his eyes towards heaven, with a look of gratitude; for my part I was almost out of my senses for joy. The man, to whom the dog belonged, accompanied Edward, and informed us, that the poor creature, having been provoked and chased about, ran hastily home and hid itself under a bed. The general cry at first, he owned, made him afraid, (in spite of his reason) that a dog, who half an hour before was perfectly well, might now be mad; but that shortly after, when he enticed it from its hiding place, it was very glad to eat and drink, and he perceived that the poor creature had only been terrified by cries and blows, and did

not shew the least sign of madness\*. Fortunately this man lived at one of the houses Edward was directed to, when he was seeking for the surgeon.

Was it not a very happy circumstance, dear Miss Emilia, that the dog was not killed in the scuffle, for we should still have remained in the most painful state of suspense, if we had not seen the animal perfectly well. You will see the dog, for Edward brought him, not for his beauty, but to make Sir Charles and his Lady perfectly easy.

The surgeon soon followed, but did not find it necessary to bleed your brother; he applied a plaister to his leg, which was very painful on account of the searing. We hired a horse that he might not be obliged to walk home on it, and ran in high spirits by his side, for I was afraid that my mother might have heard of the accident before we arrived, and I knew the effect it would have on her spirits. What uncommon resignation and firmness of mind did your brother exhibit on this distressing occasion! Surely true courage can only arise from virtue. I always tenderly loved him, but never before felt such a degree of respect and admiration; even when he was in the most violent pain he thought less of himself than others. Dear Emilia, I know your heart will leap for joy,

\* In Holland, no dogs are allowed to run in the streets during the summer hot months, without being secured by a small cord.

as does at present that of your affectionate friend

WILLIAM.

P. S. I must add a few lines to tell my dear sister that I am perfectly well. William has spoken too highly of my composure; if I had had more presence of mind, I should not have paid any attention to what those ignorant people said; I should have recollected how often I have heard stories in England about mad dogs and cats, that some trifling accident gave rise to. Tell my father and mother, and tell yourself, that I never before felt that I loved you all so very tenderly. God bless and preserve us all, and may we be a comfort to each other.

CHARLES.

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## LETTER XXXIV.

WILLIAM to EMILIA.

WE live now in a kind of continual dissipation; our instruments, our drawings, our books, all are packed up and ready to be sent on board. We are perpetually in motion, we eat, drink, sleep and visit like those people who have nothing to do, and try to kill time because they do not know how to employ it; what a miserable life must such beings lead! Shall I

tell you, that the thoughts of taking leave of my native country is very painful to me ; I must confess my weakness, dear Emilia ; though I ardently long to be in London, I feel the most lively concern. Your brother commends this weakness. It is natural, he says, and, in his opinion, we should be very unfeeling, if we could leave the country, where we have been born and educated, without being affected. Yesterday we paid a visit to Mr. Landbergen ; his son still behaves with the greatest propriety ; and, as the tender father considers your brother as the instrument of his darling's reformation, his countenance is always lighted up with joy at our approach. When we entered he introduced a French gentleman to us, who appeared by his dress and manners to be in reduced circumstances. There was an appearance of mildness and goodnature in his face that instantly interested us. I have frequently felt myself thus attached in a moment to a person who had a mild and benevolent countenance. Mr. Landbergen desired his son to shew us two landscapes drawn by the gentleman, in whose favour we were so instantly interested, which were really very beautiful. We could not forbear bestowing the praises on them they so justly merited ; and I felt a little vexed with myself when I recollected how very inferior mine were. The young painter very modestly received our praises, and soon after left the room. We then again viewed the landscapes, and Charles remarked that he had very pleasing manners, and very much the

air of a gentleman. Yes, said Mr. Landbergen, he is a good young man and a gentleman, though an unfortunate one. He received a very liberal education, but the loss of his parents and some other misfortunes, obliged him to exert his talents in order to earn a subsistence.

CHARLES.

I pity any one who loses their parents early in life; for they are our dearest and most faithful friends.

LANDBERGEN.

He has been here some months, and has not met with all the encouragement he deserves; his modesty prevents him from pushing himself forwards, or taking those methods that many of inferior abilities practise to obtain the name of able artists. He wishes to sell those two pictures, and, to spare him the disagreeable task of offering them to sale himself, I desired him to leave them here.

CHARLES.

What does he ask for them?

LANDBERGEN.

Thirty guilders.

CHARLES.

He undervalues them; that is too little.

LANDBERGEN.

Few think so nobly as you do, Sir; though they are certainly very well done, and very cheap, I have not yet been able to find a purchaser.



C H A R L E S.

I like these pièces so well I shall be very happy to have them that I may copy them ; I should be very proud, indeed, if I could draw but half as well. It is very inhuman not to pay an ingenious man the full price for his labour, or to undervalue the productions of an unfortunate gentleman.

The subject was now dropped, but when we took our leave, Charles gave Mr. Landbergen fifty guilders for the pictures ; and as we walked home they were the subject of our conversation.

C H A R L E S.

I am glad that chance threw those pictures in my way, they are painted in a masterly style.

E D W A R D.

They are well executed, I believe, but confess now Charles that you bought those pictures rather to be serviceable to the painter, than to please yourself.

C H A R L E S.

Pray, Edward, who made you my father confessor ?

E D W A R D.

You need not try to hide it, I saw you was determined not to buy a bargain.

C H A R L E S.

The pieces are worth the money, and it was incumbent on me to give fifty guilders for them. Believe me, he who will not, or cannot, give

the full value for a thing should let it alone, and not attempt to defraud a person in distress.

EDWARD.

Do not suppose that I mean to blame you; you are frugal and sparing in every thing that respects your own private gratification, only to have it more in your power to be generous to others; you even cheerfully bear inconveniences which you endeavour to guard your friends from; nay, you are as indulgent to them as severe on yourself.

CHARLES.

You are very obliging, Edward, but let us be serious. Must it not be very painful to an artist to hear his labour and trouble undervalued, by those who are unable to do any thing like it themselves; nay, is it not unjust to endeavour to cheapen a thing, when you are conscious that only a reasonable price was demanded for it? In the present case, the French gentleman was impelled by his distress to offer them as a bargain; and could I take advantage of the distress of a fellow-creature?

WILLIAM.

My mother is entirely of your opinion. She has often told me that I should regulate my actions by an invariable rule of right, and, above all, never take advantage of the misfortunes of others to benefit myself.

CHARLES.

I feel a particular respect for men of abilities,

and should think wealth indeed a blessing, if it enabled me to be of use to them.

We now reached home, as I have the bottom of my paper. Farewell,

WILLIAM.

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### LETTER XXXV.

WILLIAM *to* EMILIA.

YOUR brother went yesterday to visit the painter I mentioned to you, and Edward to read the news-paper in a neighbouring coffee-house; I stayed at home to transact some business for my mother. Charles returned first, and was scarcely seated when Edward ran in with great haste.—I am glad, said he, to find you at home, I met at the coffee-house, by chance, a poor Englishman. Will you assist me to relieve a countryman, for they seem to have the first claim to our benevolence?

CHARLES.

I do not think so; I should not ask, when I saw a man in distress, what countryman he was, whether he was a Dutchman, Englishman or Frenchman; I should feel compassion. But where is your Englishman? let me see him. Come with us, William. We all three went to the door, and found a young man about four and twenty, who had an appearance of extreme poverty. Your brother Charles expressed some astonishment; I suppose he had prepared himself

to meet an old man, for I have often heard him say that healthy young ones, except in particular circumstances, need never want, and that their distress is generally a proof of their idleness.

C H A R L E S.

You have applied to my brother for assistance, my friend; we will do something for you. Who are you?

E N G L I S H M A N.

My father was a reputable shoemaker; but he died suddenly, and left my mother in great distress with two sons; my brother went to service, and I endeavoured to get some employment in London; but after having been often disappointed, I determined to try my fortune in foreign parts.

C H A R L E S.

Whom did your brother live with?

E N G L I S H M A N.

With a Sir Charles Grandison.

C H A R L E S.

Was his name Harry?

E N G L I S H M A N.

Yes, Sir; did you know him?

C H A R L E S.

I certainly knew him, and am very sorry to find you are his unworthy brother. So it was you who lived on your poor mother, when she was a widow and in great distress; it was you who used to borrow money of your brother to buy liquor with; and when you left your drunk-

en companions, you went home and abused your aged unfortunate parent.

ENGLISHMAN.

Oh, Sir! pray hear me out; I have done all I could to get work here; and have severely smarted for my folly.

CHARLES.

And dare you hope for compassion; you who had no compassion on your own mother, for whom you ought to have worked as your brother did. He is, in my esteem, no better than a monster in nature, who forgets to honour and love his parents. Of what do you complain? Do you not know that the Supreme Being sends down his judgments upon such children as you are? Did your mother nourish you in your youth, and preserve you from all harm, to be abused by you when she was grown old, and to see you give yourself up entirely to idleness, and from idleness to vice? You are fallen into beggary, take care or something worse may follow.

EDWARD.

Go your way, all faults may be forgiven but those of an ungrateful son. He who could treat his parents with cruelty, must have a depraved heart, and deserves nothing but cruelty from others.

ENGLISHMAN.

If you knew what I have suffered from sickness and want, and how sincerely I repent, I think that you would still pity me.



C H A R L E S.

What do you now resolve to do?

E N G L I S H M A N.

If I could get a little money to buy myself a coat, I would endeavour to work my passage to London and seek for my brother.

C H A R L E S

You would go and live an idle life at his expence, but you will never more be a burthen to him; your worthy brother lived with my father, and died a few months ago in my arms.

E N G L I S H M A N.

Then, indeed, I have lost my only friend.—  
(And he bursted into tears.)

C H A R L E S.

No, as I respect your worthy brother's memory, I will give you an old coat of mine and some necessaries, and procure you a passage on board the packet we are to sail in to-morrow or next day, but only on condition that you will promise to go to sea when I procure you a birth; I will not bring a beggar back to my native country.

Your brother then gave him some money to provide himself with a dinner, for he looked half famished.

This is the last letter I shall have the pleasure to write to you from Holland; I wish we had already set sail, I feel quite low spirited at being obliged to take leave of so many friends and acquaintance.

Mr. Landbergen has just left us with tears in his eyes, and we have renewed our promise of corresponding with his son; nay, your brother said it was possible he might again see him, for that he was so pleased with his journey to Holland, it was probable if his father made no objection, that he and I should, some future time, pay them a longer visit. He said so, I believe, to comfort me as well as Mr. Landbergen. In a few days I hope in person to assure you that I am your sincere friend, till then do not forget

WILLIAM.

P. S. I must tell you that Charles received a letter from Lady Grandison this morning, with a bill enclosed in it. His eyes sparkled with pleasure, and soon after he went out without asking me to accompany him; but returned with such a cheerful aspect, that I am sure he went on some benevolent errand; I suspect to the young French painter; though I did not make any, even indirect enquiries, for I think a friend should not act like a spy, nor be impertinently curious to try to discover what another chofes to conceal.—If your brother wishes to do good in secret, may he enjoy the silent plaudits of his own heart. I know already enough to make me love him, and long to follow his example.

## L E T T E R    XXXVI.

WILLIAM *to young* MR. VAN LANDBERGEN.

I PROMISED to inform you of our safe arrival ; well, here we are in London, happy as our hearts could wish. We were received in the most cordial manner by all this dear worthy family, and Sir Charles and Lady Grandison embraced their son with fresh warmth, when they saw the little cur we brought with us: and he seemed delighted with this fresh testimony of their affection.

Our passage was very pleasant, and I cannot forbear communicating to you an instance of Charles's considerate benevolence. It is the business of a generous soul to find every where opportunities of doing good. Perhaps, yes, it appears very probable, that the Supreme Being makes choice of those who endeavour to please him, to distribute his blessings through their hands. On the contrary, in what a fearful state are those who, by their vices, are separated from God. I was struck with a remark which Dr. Bartlett once made in my presence, " Woe to those who by their evil deeds, and the misery they bring on others, seem to be His instruments of punishment—how are they separated from God and happiness !"

When we went on board the packet Charles particularly observed a man who was obliged to be lifted on board, sickness had so wasted his strength. The poor man was very much ema-

ciated, and had a violent cough, which seemed to shake his whole frame; yet he had scarcely sufficient covering to shield him from the cold, though it was piercing weather, and his weak lungs evidently could ill bear to be so roughly assaulted.

Charles did not delay a moment to enquire who he was and what ailed him. He found that the poor man came to Holland about business, and had been detained by a fever much longer than he expected; but that being a little better, and finding himself just able to travel, he was hastening back to his wife and children.

Charles soon contrived to get into conversation with him, and observed that he must suffer very severely from the cold, for the poor wretch was afraid to go down into the cabin, his breath was so very short. I do suffer, replied the invalid, but heaven will strengthen me; I have already, during the course of my life, been enabled to bear more than I imagined I could ever have endured.—Charles interrupted him, and pulling off his great coat, said, see now what heaven sends you. I am young and in good health, and can bear cold much better than you. The sick man viewed him with astonishment. Edward, who was at a little distance, ran up and whispered Charles, what are you going to fight? Yes, answered Charles, a little disconcerted, I am going to fight against the cold, to preserve this poor man from it, who might, perhaps, catch his death. He then helped him to put it on, and hastily left him, not only to

avoid his thanks, but to prevent any one else from observing what he termed a common act of humanity. Edward still went on, extolling his benevolence; he stopped him, saying—What have I done? Is it such a great act of benevolence for one who is in good health and strong, to give his great coat to a poor sick man benumbed with cold? One of the emperors of China, when in the field of battle, gave his own fur cloak to one of his officers, saying, when his nobles seemed to wonder at it, that he wished he was able to give a cloak to every one of his soldiers. Should I, then, regard myself more than a monarch who looks upon himself as the ruler of the whole earth, said he, laughing; and then began to talk about something else.

Charles and Edward are gone out a riding, and I staid at home to write to you.

They are come home, I hear Charles singing as he walks along the passage—he has charming spirits.

#### IN CONTINUATION.

Charles entered my room;—You are writing to Mr. Landbergen, I suppose, said he, will you give me leave to add a few words; but fold up your letter, for I do not want to see what you have written; letters are sacred even as our thoughts, and a friend should not take advantage of the confidence reposed in him. Dr. Bartlett has often cautioned me always to keep up a little ceremony with a friend, and repeated the old



proverb, that too much familiarity breeds contempt. I have scarcely left him room to write a line. Adieu.

WILLIAM.

P. S. I have only just room to tell you that we are all well and happy. I will soon write you a long letter, in the mean time present my respects to your father, and believe me to be your affectionate friend

CHARLES.



## LETTER XXXVII.

LANDBERGEN *to* CHARLES.

PERMIT me, dear Sir, to beg your advice respecting a plan which gratitude and duty have suggested to me. I earnestly long to make some amends for my past behaviour, and convince my father that I have now a just sense of his goodness. I contracted many debts, the discharge of which involved him in difficulties; I have now determined to save a part of my income, and have reason to think I shall soon be advanced on account of my diligence. You know that for some years he has been obliged, as the only means to support himself, to attend some young gentlemen as a private tutor. Indeed he made himself a slave to it in order to support me in my extravagance, and, instead of banishing me from his house and heart, as I deserved, he received me with open arms, when

I returned, and said, Blessed be heaven, I have again found my son! As his health begins to break, I wish to persuade him to give up his long troublesome walks; and I am sure that in a short time I shall be able to maintain both him and myself very genteelly.

I have now to mention another circumstance to you since you led me to see the charms of virtue, and experience its heart-felt pleasures. I have been attached to a very amiable young woman, who has a small fortune, and I should not hesitate a moment about marrying her, only I am afraid to entangle myself with a family before I have provided for my father. Added to this, one of my relations has proposed to me to marry an old widow who is very rich, and he assures me I should not be rejected, if I offered her my hand. After what I have told you, you may suppose I feel no great affection for her. Yet, I sometimes think, I ought this way to provide for a parent I have so grossly injured. I know not what to determine on; pray write to me soon, and give me your opinion without any reserve, by so doing you will add to the obligation already conferred on your sincere friend

G. LANDBERGEN.

## L E T T E R   X X X V I I I .

CHARLES *to* LANDBERGEN.

WITH what pleasure did I read over your letter ! how happy am I to find that you have such a just sense of your duty ! I agree with you that an old man, whose health has been injured by cares and sorrows, ought not to work for his bread, when he has young and healthy children. Allow him as much of your salary as you can spare ; it is the first debt you ought to pay. You may, by this means, be obliged to deny yourself some superfluities, and even what the world calls necessaries, but how richly will you be repaid for this self-denial ! However since you have confided in me, let me take the liberty to suggest to you, that you must never recede from an engagement deliberately entered into with a father. Weigh this matter well in your mind, and consider that no marriage contract will release you from this prior one ; and if, after mature deliberation, you find that you have sufficient resolution to fulfil what you intend to promise, give way to that laudable ardour, which your love and gratitude for your father inspires. If not, permit him, as long as heaven grants him strength, to follow his present employment, and allow him as much as you can spare to lighten his cares, without making any formal promise.

As to your marrying one woman while you love another, it appears to me the most shocking breach of duty; and we are not to fulfil one duty by sacrificing another. I must own I do not think you can have any great chance for happiness (supposing your affections were not engaged) with a woman old enough to be your mother. No, do not marry the widow! Have a little patience, and in a year or two you may be able to offer your hand to the girl your heart has chosen, and your father may be happy in the bosom of your family. Do you think that he could be happy if your peace was sacrificed to procure him a few of the conveniences of life? You know little of him, if you think so; he would be doubly distressed if he saw you unhappy. Believe me, a father like yours can only find his happiness in the happiness of his child; open your heart to him, and never think of marrying without his approbation. For my part, I hope never to enter into the marriage state without having my choice confirmed by the consent of my parents, who, I am sure, will never persuade me to marry merely from pecuniary motives. I have heard my father say, that a child should always choose the person he is to be united to; but a parent who has acted like a friend by giving his children a good education, ought always to have a negative voice. I shall make no apology for having complied with your request: try what has flowed from the sincere

heart by the test of a wiser judgment, and believe me to be sincerely your friend,

C H A R L E S.

L E T T E R XXXIX.

WILLIAM to LANDBERGEN.

NEXT week we are to leave this house, and the very thought of it makes me sad; but our future residence is so near that I can have a daily intercourse with my valuable friends. Charles and I shall exercise ourselves together in the arts and sciences, and I shall receive the benefit of all his masters: it will then be my own fault if I do not acquire knowledge. I shall write to you often, my dear Landbergen, and you, I hope, will answer my letters. But let me now tell you, that Sir Charles is so pleased with your filial piety that he is determined to use all his interest to obtain your father a sinecure place in Holland, that you may be enabled to marry sooner than you expected. I am certain he will do something for you; you will then have various other duties to fulfil. What a pleasure it will be to us to see you happy and respectable, when we again visit my dear native country! But I have something to tell you of the amiable Emilia. A young gentlewoman in distress was lately in her service, whose mother has been long bed with a lingering disorder. Emilia, the Emilia, has prevailed on her mother to



let her wait on herself, and give the poor widow, by way of an annuity, the wages she must have given her daughter, had she remained with her as a servant.

Farewell; my dear Sir, present my respects to your worthy father, and assure all my Dutch friends that the distance which separates me from them and my country, will never make me forget them. Sir Charles has sent Harry's brother to the farm at Grandison-Hall. He has behaved so well since his arrival in England, that we have some reason to look upon him as a sincere penitent.

WILLIAM.

#### S U P P L E M E N T .

Charles Grandison still continues to improve his understanding, and practises those virtues which so eminently distinguished him and his father; and in the course of time he had the pleasure of calling his friend William brother.

May these examples excite an emulation in the minds of my young readers. May they read with attention the precepts these volumes contain, always remembering that our temporal as well as eternal welfare is only to be secured by a constant attention to our duty; and that he who loves God will also love his brother.

T H E E N D .



